DR. BARNARDO

A. R. NEUMAN

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MODERN BIOGRAPHIES

DR. BARNARDO
AS I KNEW HIM

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DR. BARNARDO

AS I KNEW HIM

BY

ONE OF HIS STAFF

(A. R. NEUMAN)

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TO

F. M. S.

IN MEMORY OF

THE EDITORIAL ROOM

PREFACE

THIS is in no way a formal Life of Dr. Barnardo. It is simply an attempt to give some idea of what he was to one who shared with many others of the Staff, the privilege of working with him on terms of happy intimacy.

That he championed the cause of Needy Childhood with passionate devotion, is matter of common knowledge; what he was behind the scenes is less widely understood; and it is the object of this little book to introduce the man himself, to those who knew him only as the public philanthropist.

A. R. N.

DR. BARNARDO
AS I KNEW HIM

I

My first acquaintance with him dates back to more than a quarter of a century ago, and was of quite a fragmentary kind. A friend of mine who had been doing literary work in connection with the Homes for some time, had, under the pressure of other duties, fallen hopelessly behind with her reports of cases, and obtained Dr. Barnardo's consent to getting a certain amount of outside help.

"But you'll be sure to get the right kind!" was his characteristic qualification.

I suppose I came up to the standard, for a little later on I received a letter from the Doctor, asking if I would come to the head office, to discuss a piece of literary work which he wished to put into the hands of someone, not a member of the ordinary staff.

Stepney Causeway seemed to me, at that time, about as remote as the North Pole, and

I laugh now to remember my utter dismay at the lane-like thoroughfare I was half afraid to go down. Whether it is that one unconsciously becomes acclimatized to surroundings, or whether the Causeway really has improved, I can hardly say; but it certainly does not strike me now, as the Abomination of Desolation it seemed at that first visit. But then, the day was about as unfavourable as could have been selected for making acquaintance with the East End. A dull, leaden sky, an atmosphere stagnant and murky, streets running with the slosh of newly-melted snow, and a population, to my unaccustomed eyes, on one dead level of drab misery—it certainly was not an alluring picture.

But, taking my courage in both hands, I ventured to pick my way along the narrow, broken pavement, and was thankful, indeed, to find it only a matter of yards to No. 18. Here, in order to get to the waiting-hall, it was necessary to pass through a lobby, where applicants for admission were dealt with, in the initial stage.

Now I am free to confess that up to this time, I had considerably discounted the stories of child-rescue with which I was slightly familiar. That is, I had been ready to echo the remark of a friend, made only the day before, "They *must* be coloured up." But with the first sight of that receiving-place, these illusions vanished, and I felt instantly that no words could possibly be too strong to

paint the utter wretchedness of the Children of the Streets.

Outside the lobby were two little fellows, their filthy rags tied on with bits of string, devouring a plateful of food with a ghastly avidity that called for no explanation. Crouching on the ground, with the food between them, clawing at anything that came first, they looked so like a pair of famished wild animals that I could not, then, have believed that many such Waifs and Strays are actually amongst the brightest of the boys and, after due training, make about the best of youthful emigrants.

In the lobby itself, a wailing baby was being hushed by a young mother, literally "skin and bone," and hardly able to put one foot before the other. It must indeed have meant a supreme effort to her, to come half a mile in the hope of securing a home for the wizen-faced mite, whose beauties were apparent only to the maternal eye.

A group of match-selling lads, described by their twelve-year-old leader as "Me and my pals," sought shelter from the tender mercies of the wintry streets; two little sisters, one lame, and the other with a rag—and such a rag!—tied over a "bad eye," had just been brought to the "Ever-open Door" by a friendly policeman, while some half-dozen boys and girls, of all ages and sizes, nodded peacefully under the influence of unaccustomed warmth. But oh, the dirt and wretchedness

of it all! And then to think of the welcome awaiting each individual child, beyond the threshold of the lobby!

Possibly because of my absorption in these glimpses into an unknown world, my recollections of this first interview with the man who was to become my hero-in-chief are distinctly vague. I believe I saw him in a room on the ground floor (afterwards my own office), and I think I am right in saying that on this occasion he did *not* walk up and down, with his arm thrown behind his back—an attitude so familiar to those who worked with him intimately. But his sharp glances, quick movements, and minute instructions, were all in his own clear-cut style.

I had risen to go, when, with one of his lightning looks, he took stock of my personality and then exclaimed, quite triumphantly:

"I believe you're a real child-lover!"

I admitted the soft impeachment.

"You came through the lobby, just now?" he demanded eagerly.

"Yes, I did."

"And how did what you saw there strike you?"

"Why, I should never have believed there could be anything so horrible if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes."

"Ah," with a sort of half-chuckle, "now, perhaps you *do* believe that my stories are not exaggerated?"

It was really almost uncanny, and I hesitated.

"No," throwing his head back, with a hearty laugh, "I'm not a magician. But you see I'm only too well drilled in what people who *don't know* will insist upon thinking—and saying." Then, dropping the note of amusement, "Why, I can never dare to tell the half of my really bad stories. I wouldn't like you to hear a tithe of the hateful things that come to my ears constantly. *Exaggerate*, indeed!" with a gesture of infinite contempt, as he struck the table with an emphatic fist, "no one *could* exaggerate, if they tried from now till doomsday."

At this point there came a knock at the door and a messenger appeared, bearing a note from the matron of the hospital on the other side of the Causeway.

With an "Excuse me," he read through the brief message, and instantly all the fire died out of his face, leaving on it an expression of the most delightful tenderness.

"One of my little lads is just going Home," he said, "and wants me to hold his hand. I must go at once."

And off he hurried, all other interests put aside, in loving solicitude for this child of his adoption.

I learnt afterwards that in the early days of his work, at a bad operation, or a consultation over a critical medical case, or at the death-bed of one of his flock, Dr. Barnardo

was sure to be present, ready to suggest, soothe, or encourage, with the skill of the doctor and the devotion of the father. As the work grew, and claims became Legion, this part of his labour of love had to be laid aside, in all but very special cases, although, as he said to me, more than once :

" It's that I miss most—just the personal contact that makes the work *live*."

But to return—I was able to carry out the instructions given me, and in acknowledging the MSS. he made this very unusual comment :

" I think it is worth more than you are asking . . . and if you will let me, as a poor man, representing a very poor cause, offer you " (half as much again), " I will think that you are generous."

But although this first glimpse into the work of the Homes had aroused my deepest sympathy, I was not free, at that time, to undertake any regular employment on their behalf, and it must have been quite two years or more before I saw Dr. Barnardo again. Then, I happened to be at Euston when a party of young emigrants was starting for Liverpool, and in turning away from the book-stall I came face to face with the Doctor, hurrying to give his boys and girls a fatherly farewell. Off came his hat, and out came his hand :

" But you don't know me ! " I exclaimed.

" Oh, don't I ? Well, you did some literary work for me once, and," with a whimsical

smile, "I mean you to do more, before I've finished."

I really was quite taken aback, not understanding then, that an almost incredible quickness of identification was amongst the many peculiar gifts that made him the wonderful man he was.

II

It may be interesting, before going further into my personal experiences with Dr. Barnardo, to give, in brief outline, some of the general facts of his career. Born on July 4th, 1845, in Dublin, he came of a very mixed stock, his father being of Spanish origin and his mother representing an old Quaker family who had settled down for good in Ireland. His school life was none of the happiest, and it was probably then that he felt the first stirrings of that righteous indignation which, in later life, burned hotly within him, when brought in contact with neglected or ill-treated childhood.

On leaving school he went for a time into a merchant's office, and although he never took kindly to mere business routine, the experience thus gained was undoubtedly good preparation for one side of his life-work. Later on, during a special religious revival in Dublin, there came to him another experience which entirely changed his whole attitude of mind. Feeling himself to have been "born again," he became, as he delighted to avow, "a new creature in Christ Jesus." Having definitely dedicated himself to the service of God and

Man, he was, at first, greatly attracted by the Foreign Mission field, and in 1866 he entered at the London Hospital, with a view to qualifying for work in China. But, with his usual abounding energy, in the midst of preparing for the future, he turned vigorously to work in the present, being one of the first to volunteer for service in the neighbourhood, during the cholera outbreak of 1866–1867. Then came such activities as preaching in the street, visiting in the slums, and teaching in a ragged school, of which he soon became superintendent; and in 1867 the East End Juvenile Mission was started by him, on a very small scale in two cottages in Hope Place, Stepney. What he saw and heard all around, the horror of the sin and suffering, especially in its consequences to the juvenile population, brought him before long face to face with the question, London or China? Happily for Waifdom the balance dipped in favour of work at home. This decision was arrived at partly through the receipt of a wholly unexpected letter from a then stranger. The writer of the letter, having heard of the young student's labours amongst the children of the East End, offered to place at his disposal the sum of £1000 towards any suggested scheme of child-rescue, provided the suggester (T. J. B.) would consent to remain in London for a time. This episode Dr. Barnardo always looked upon as one of the turning-points in his life, another being the discovery that in

London were to be found, in no inconsiderable numbers, boys of tender years, literally without home, friends, food, or shelter. The story of this discovery, as told in the booklet "My First Arab," sounds almost like melodrama, but the awful realities disclosed in this first hunt for the homeless, made such deep impression on the heart of the seeker, that sympathy took the practical form of leaving no stone unturned to provide shelter for the Children of Need.

Towards the end of the year 1879 came the establishment of the first of the well-known Dr. Barnardo Homes, at 18 Stepney Causeway. With astonishing rapidity the work caught on ; the original Home was enlarged, almost past recognition ; workshops for lads were started and branch Homes opened ; whilst on more general lines, the notorious Edinburgh Castle public-house at Limehouse became the pioneer of the Coffee Palace, as well as a church for the people and a centre of varied mission activities.

So far, rescue work had been confined to dealing with boys, but on Dr. Barnardo's marriage to Miss Syrie Elmslie, it became possible to turn his attention to the even greater needs of neglected girls. Mossford Lodge, Barkingside, was the first home of the young couple, who started housekeeping with a family of twelve little girls, rescued from conditions which gave them no sort of chance of a fair start in life.

From this modest beginning has developed, on the same spot, the Girls' Village Homes, with some 1400 inhabitants. A world in itself is this Village: 66 cottages, each under the care of a motherly Mother; one of the largest Girls' Elementary Schools in the kingdom, with an average of 800 scholars; a church seating 1200; a hospital of 60 beds (built recently, on most up-to-date lines); a sanatorium for the weak-chested; a deeply interesting section for the feeble-minded; a laundry with some 80 workers and a weekly output of over 20,000 garments—such are the principal features of a scheme, always specially dear to its founder.

Meanwhile, the boys continued to ask admission, in ever-increasing numbers, necessitating the opening of fresh Homes for the reception of applicants of all ages, from the little lad at "The Children's Fold," to the big youth of the Labour House. But although the Homes were, at the commencement, chiefly in London, every part of the United Kingdom—and beyond it, for the matter of that—soon began to contribute its quota of needy children. Thus it speedily became needful to establish Ever-open Doors in the most populous cities and towns, where direct personal application could be made by, or on behalf of, the children of the streets. It followed, too, as a matter of course, that privation and neglect brought about corresponding physical deterioration, and almost

from the beginning it was essential to provide special accommodation for the sick and afflicted. Starting with the adaptation of unsuitable premises as an Infirmary, Queen Victoria's Jubilee year saw the establishment of Her Majesty's Hospital, just opposite to the Central Offices in Stepney Causeway. Its 80 beds are kept in constant use, not to speak of quite a considerable out-patients' department, representing the various East End Homes. But again, it soon became clear that special accommodation would have to be forthcoming for the chronic invalid, the hopeless cripple, and those children with defective senses, or actual feebleness of intellect. Hence the establishment of three Homes for Incurables and Cripples at Birkdale, Harrogate, and Tunbridge Wells, not to speak of various smaller establishments, north, south, east, and west. Another special class, the infant, also put in a claim for specific accommodation, and for such the gift of "Babies' Castle" at Hawkhurst came as a welcome accession to the Homes. But experience showed that very tiny people flourish better in small, than in large, numbers, so the Castle became a home for the toddler, and for the real babies came the system of boarding out, with which Dr. Barnardo was fairly enamoured. Indeed, he came to feel so strongly the advantage of letting the children join in the ordinary life of the ordinary cottage—a good type, of course—or of being

grouped together in small numbers that, excepting with elder lads, and for the purposes of special training, the Institutional system fell more and more out of his favour. And he would certainly have greatly rejoiced in the Boys' Village at Woodford Bridge, which is rapidly developing under the guidance of the present indefatigable Director, Mr. William Baker.

But in spite of increasing accommodation, it became clear to the founder of the Homes that he must go further afield, in order to find adequate scope for his rapidly enlarging family. For not only was the congested labour market of England to be considered, but in the case of a large percentage of cases, undesirable relatives or former acquaintances, would be a serious handicap to the boy or girl when making a first start in life. From these considerations came to pass that system of careful Emigration to Canada, which Dr. Barnardo had good reason to look upon as amongst the most successful of his ventures. For there is room and to spare for labour in the new world, whilst the conditions of family life, and the chances of legitimate getting-on, proved so much better than those at home, that his Canadian work never failed to give him fullest satisfaction.

Several times, in the midst of his multitudinous cares, the Director managed to visit the Dominion, and each time returned full of enthusiasm as to what he had seen and heard.

Indeed, the remarkable success of this branch of his work, he felt to be more than reward sufficient for all the labour it cost him in the early days of inception and organization.

The bulk of all this was in full swing when Dr. Barnardo added to his already overheavy burden, the establishment of the Young Helpers' League, though the number of Homes grew and continued to grow, with the steady increase of the "biggest family on earth." At the time of his death, this family numbered over 7000 in actual residence, the total number of rescues exceeding 60,000. For the accommodation of the children in residence, and for the oversight of those still feeling their feet, some 65 Homes were in full swing, including the Canada equipment of Distributing Homes and Training Farms. Some of these Homes—notably the Watts' Naval Training School in Norfolk—were presented to the Homes, freehold, and ready for occupation, but as regards the London Institutions—and others—building or rebuilding became an absolute necessity, and ran into figures that might well have daunted a less ardent spirit.

And the income for it all? £196,286 in the last year of Dr. Barnardo's life, as against the £214 of the first two years—taken together—whilst in the forty years of his headship, total receipts exceeded three and a half millions. For the whole of this financial burden, "The Father of Nobody's Children" (the late Mr.

Stead's name for him) held himself responsible, and though " Prince of Beggars " was one of the titles he well deserved, it can hardly be wondered at, that a life so strenuous wore itself out prematurely. During his Jubilee year serious heart mischief declared itself, and he was compelled to take a prolonged rest. Six years later came a second severe attack, and although treatment at Nauheim gave relief, repeated visits to the German Spa became necessary, and he was never really the same man again. Still, he worked on for another four years, until in 1906 he went to Nauheim, too late for treatment to be even attempted. But with his wonderful recuperative power, he bore the journey home better than might have been expected, and on the day of his death insisted on dictating some specially urgent letters to one of his private secretaries. In saying good-bye to her, he remarked :

" I *have* been ill. I never thought I should see my wife and children again. I've been through the Valley of the Shadow of Death."

And the recollection of what he had gone through, seemed too vivid for him to treat it in his usual cheery way, though he certainly appeared to think himself better than he really was.

Two hours later, without pain or distress, he calmly " fell on sleep," dying in harness, just as he would himself have chosen, had the choice been his.

III

The next phase of my connection with the work of the Homes began by the unexpected receipt of the following letter :

" Could you come and see me here ? I think I have something on hand in which you might be able to render me *permanent* aid if you were so disposed. But I will say nothing more until I see you. Perhaps you are already hopelessly engaged, too full up, in short, to do anything more. Even so, I would like to take counsel with you as I think you might advise me, even if you were unable to personally assist me."

And the letter wound up thus characteristically :

" P.S.—I am afraid this will not reach you in time for to-morrow. If it did, I would ask you, could you call to-morrow, Tuesday, between 2 and 3 o'clock ? "

The dear man always did love giving short notice, but this time, as it happened, I was able to go on the Tuesday. I found Stepney given over to a fine pea-soup fog, necessitating the use of every gas burner throughout

the day. It was on this occasion that I was introduced to the Doctor's favourite sanctum, the large Board Room, with which I was destined to become so familiar. All the same, I never became so accustomed to it, as quite to lose my first impression of our two selves, as very small kernels in a very big shell. The immense table at which Dr. Barnardo sat—until he began his pacings up and down—was simply covered from end to end with a perfect wilderness of papers, written and printed. And although these were constantly sorted and arranged by the most orderly of secretaries, I soon discovered that by the middle of the afternoon, whatever might be the particular paper needed, it was likely to be found anywhere rather than in its allotted place.

"Oh, I know—my bag," was a favourite after-thought, and by the time that capacious receptacle had been rummaged through, the droll look I loved would come over his face, as he whispered mysteriously:

"No, it's here—in my *special* drawer; I put it there, I remember, to be sure of having it at hand. Now, don't tell Odling, there's a good soul!"

At this interview with Dr. Barnardo I noticed that though alert and vigorous to a degree, there were decided indications of physical wear and tear. Certainly his deafness had greatly increased, and I believe one reason why he was desirous of securing my permanent services was, that I could generally make him

hear, without the intervention of the ear-trumpet, which he never used with ease and comfort.

How well I can picture him that afternoon! His eyes half closed—behind the pince-nez, without which I only saw him once—the fingers of either hand resting against the tips of the other, both being swayed to and fro, in a sort of rhythmic movement, as he unfolded his latest scheme.

His way of introducing his subject was highly characteristic, and distinctly puzzling to the uninitiated.

"Do you believe in dreams?" he enquired suddenly.

"Dreams?" I replied, greatly surprised at the unexpected query. "I don't know that I ever thought much about them. Certainly my own have never been of any particular value."

"Well, do you see any real reason why guidance should not come to us in this way—say, as an exceptional thing?"

"No, I suppose not, though I think I should have to be pretty clear of my ground."

"All right. Now, please, listen carefully to what I'm going to tell you about a dream of mine. I was sitting in my study one evening recently, after a hard day here. I had been busy for hours, receiving applications for admission. No," answering my unspoken question, "I can't deal with every case, of course, now there are so many, but I do see a

good number and anything special I always deal with myself. On this particular day the specials had been very numerous. Two little cripples—girls—had to be taken in at once, and a small boy, incurably blind. And then some of the healthy—or comparatively healthy—children had such pitiful stories; orphans, or worse; penniless and homeless, and coming from such awful surroundings. It really was a worse experience than usual, and that's saying a good deal."

Here he paused and sighed.

"But," I ventured to suggest, "do you not get accustomed, to some extent at any rate, to such things?"

"Thank God, no," was the most emphatic reply. "If I were once to get case-hardened, I should feel it was all up with my work. But to come back to the evening I'm telling you about. I was just tired out when I got home, and as I sat by the fire, thinking over the children's woes, I fell asleep and dreamed a dream that was every bit as real to me as any actual happening. You do know what that means, I suppose?" with a touch of anxiety, as to the limitations of my comprehension.

"Oh, yes, I do understand so much, though as I've said before I'm not a good dreamer."

"A better doer, eh?" with one of his quizzical looks. "Well, I was walking along the bank of a rapid, swollen river when suddenly I heard a loud cry for help; and as I turned in

the direction of the cry, I saw a little lad just above me, being carried down by the hurrying water. I ran along the bank at a fine rate—one is more agile in dreams—hoping to get well in front of him. I succeeded at last, and threw myself down on the bank, stretching out my arms to catch him—but my arms were not long enough. It was a horrid feeling," and he gave an involuntary shiver. "I couldn't swim, I thought; there was no rope or piece of wood at hand, and there was no time to fetch help. Then I suddenly caught sight of some children at play in a field a little way off and I cried out so frantically to them I wonder I didn't wake myself, especially as I saw the boy drifting further and further away from me. But in the very nick of time I heard a child's voice behind me, saying loudly and clearly, 'Don't be afraid. We will help you to save him'; and I felt the children take hold of my feet and grip my clothes so tightly that I could reach out just—but only just—far enough to catch hold of the sinking boy. In another minute I had him safely in my arms and the children behind pulled us quickly on to dry ground. I saw the boy lived and would quickly revive, and the delight of the rescue did what my cries had not done—woke me wide awake, in a perfect tremor of joy. Now, do you see what it all means?"

"I'm afraid not," I had to confess, "though I believe there's a sort of glimmer coming into my mind."

"I'll make the glimmer a bright light in a minute. Don't you see?—I can't do the rescuing alone. I can find the children, any number of them, and admit them and make plans for their training and education. But I can't provide the needs-be to meet such heavy expenses as *must* be incurred if we are to keep to our motto—'No really Destitute Child Ever Refused Admission.' Why, think of the food bill alone, for just one day! And the clothing, and the housing, and the nursing, and the teaching, and the setting out in life. Don't misunderstand me, though. I know Whose are the silver and the gold, and I absolutely believe He *could* meet every need of mine, without a single appeal to the public."

"You mean on the lines of George Müller?"

"I do; but deeply as I reverence his faith, I have come to the deliberate conclusion that one part of the definite work God has given me to do, is to try to rouse in others, by every legitimate means, the intense, personal interest He has put into my heart for the 'lambs' of His flock."

"And your dream means crying to others to help you?"

"Ah, but it means a great deal more than that. It's the *children's* help I want. They do a good deal already, lots of them—better-off children, I mean, of course—but there's hardly any limit to what they could do, if their help were united and properly organized."

" And they would be gainers, too."

" That they would ! " he exclaimed joyfully. " You're catching my idea, I see."

And then he proceeded to outline his new plan of campaign. Briefly his idea of the " Little " —afterwards modified to " Young "—" Helpers' League " (" Y.H.L.," as it quickly came to be called), was to band together into groups, the many juvenile friends of the Homes, scattered all over the world. Such groups of workers—to be called Companions—he proposed should be known as Habitations, with smaller groups—Lodges—in affiliation. Local Presidents, Secretaries, and Treasurers, would of course be needed, and must be chosen with discretion by recognized officials—Wardens—representing head-quarters, where it would also be imperative to organize a strong Council, with an experienced secretary and helpers. And this rough outline has actually been the basis of League work ever since, with only such minor modifications as experience has suggested from time to time.

Naturally, I followed the unfolding of the scheme—quite a novelty at that time—with deepest interest, but I was hardly prepared for the downright question :

" Now what will you be ? A little too abrupt, am I ? Well, do you like public speaking ? "

" Not at all—excepting to children."

" It would be children, or young people, you would have to speak to. And," he added,

with what I irreverently got to call—to myself—his "knowing wink," "it's no good telling me you're unsociable."

"Well, no," I admitted, "I must confess to a liking for my species."

"Very well, then you'll be one of the Wardens."

"I should dearly like it, but . . ."

"Oh, dear, if there's one word in the English language I hate, it's that. All the same, tell me your special 'but'."

And to my no little surprise, he listened intently to my brief explanation of the position of an only daughter in a home of many claims.

"Yes, I see; you're quite right," was his verdict. "You'd rather work in London. What about the general secretaryship?"

Again came a difficulty in the shape of inability to be away from home, all day and every day, till at last I suggested:

"Don't you think you had better get people with more leisure, for the important posts?"

"*No, I don't,*" came with a perfect roar. "I told you before, when I want a thing I get it. Now, just wait a minute," and shutting his eyes for a few moments, he evolved a plan by which I should undertake a good deal of organizing, a special correspondence department, a really large amount of record-keeping, and a full share of literary work, together with the oversight of a small clerical staff.

"So you see," he concluded triumphantly, "it will be enough if you come here three days a week. Though," with his most ingratiating smile, "I dare say you'll give us an extra day, now and then, *in case of need!*"

IV

The organization of this new branch of work involved a vast amount of thought, not to speak of correspondence and interviewing, but in little more than a month the essential preliminaries had all been arranged, and I was summoned to take possession of an office, "only waiting anxiously for *you!*"

On my first day at Stepney I was honoured by a morning call from Dr. Barnardo, who, after the heartiest of welcomes, explained that he had made special arrangements for me to dine at the Hospital—"I knew you'd like that, with your experience of nursing."

And then he got on his hobby-horse and rode the League at break-neck pace. But although so enthusiastic and so given to sanguine forecast, even his anticipations came far short of the actual reality. He would be satisfied, he felt, at its commencement, if in ten years' time "several thousands" of young people had become Companions of the League, whereas, at the date of his death, the actual membership stood at well over 30,000, representing nearly 2000 Habitations and Lodges, whilst their contributions to the work of the Homes had reached close upon £150,000 in

fourteen years—this, too, with a steady annual increase, in numbers and figures.

And if Dr. Barnardo would have been astonished could he have looked into the future, his staff would certainly have been dumbfounded. I believe every head of a department in the Stepney offices, looked with more or less of suspicion—in some cases amounting to fear—on this new venture, and when it leaked out that much of the responsibility would be in the hands of *women*, their dismay knew no bounds. Hence, though accorded a pleasant personal welcome, I very soon discovered that my position was distinctly peculiar. For one thing, though my room was quite large enough to accommodate my two clerks, as well as myself, they were both located in the outside general offices. Also, I don't know which was the more disturbed, I, at finding myself with the control of men clerks, or they at discovering that their "boss" was a woman!

Again, all the record-keeping had been started without reference to my wishes, and I became increasingly conscious that I was hemmed in on all sides, and had practically no freedom of action. It was an uncomfortable experience—to put it mildly—and the climax came when I received a letter from Dr. Barnardo, couched in somewhat vague terms, but unmistakably suggestive of displeasure at the rate at which my department was proceeding, as compared with the unexpected develop-

ment of the League. It seemed all the harder to me, because I had been putting in so many of the "extra" days at which the Doctor had hinted. I really felt very much like backing out at the end of my three months' trial—indeed, I should have done it, and so missed much happy and memorable experience, but for a fortunate "accident."

Amongst the staff was a man of whom I had often heard, as specially shrewd and clever, but whose department hardly touched mine. On this particular morning, however, he came down to consult me as to an ambiguous letter, that was evidently not meant for him and might be, he thought, intended for me. The matter having been amicably settled, his eye fell on Dr. Barnardo's personal letter, lying on my table. He pulled a long face at its many sheets, and then looking at me a little doubtfully, he remarked:

"I hope the length of that has not upset you?"

"Not its length," I replied, "though it does take a good bit of reading; but it is this last sheet," handing it to him, "that I can't make out. Is there more behind, do you think?"

He read it through carefully and then replied confidently:

"No, I don't think it means anything, excepting that he is worried about the work of the League and doesn't see how it is to be got through. No," he added, reassuringly, "you needn't distress yourself about that. Knowing him as I do—and I think there's

nobody who has worked quite so much with him, by night as well as by day—I can truly say that his way is to hit straight from the shoulder, if he has to hit at all."

"Then you would not advise me to take any notice of his hints?"

"I should not, if I were you, that is, not beyond stating, clearly and briefly, that your present staff is inadequate, in view of the unlooked-for pressure. But . . ."

"Yes, don't be afraid to say exactly what you think."

"Well, it's just this way," he replied, with a smile, twin to his Chief's, "I don't really know you, you see, but the whole thing hangs on whether you know your work. If you do, you need not be in the least afraid. You will probably be tested all round, especially as our first Lady of Responsibility, and then, if he is satisfied that you are reliable, I can tell you this—you *will be trusted.*"

Better advice was never given, and I speedily found the advantage of following it, for when I sent up a list of the daily duties of my office, with an estimate of the time occupied in dealing with each class of work, the response was an immediate trebling of the staff—with this limitation, of course, "Until the extreme pressure is relieved."

My head clerk (the staff was now permanently increased by the addition of a second junior) was a particularly pleasant young man, of some experience.

"Do you like Mr. Brown?" asked the Doctor suddenly, apropos apparently of nothing, "and does he do as you want him to?"

"Yes," was the hearty response, "I like him very much, and I find him all a responsible clerk should be."

"I thought you would," he responded; "you see, he had to be a gentleman, as well as a good worker."

I smiled inwardly, remembering the delicate way in which that young man had tested my capabilities before giving loyal allegiance to a member of the weaker sex. He, too, was one who thoroughly understood and appreciated our Head, whose sharp ways were apt to be disconcerting to the self-conscious. I remember his coming one day into the office with quite a radiant look on his usually quiet face.

"What is the matter?" I asked. "Have you come into a fortune?"

"Almost," he replied, with a smile. "It's such a pleasure to be working for a man like Dr. Barnardo."

"Why, what has happened?"

"Well, I dare say you have heard about those three clerks who took too much on the way home on Tuesday, and were locked up. It got to Dr. Barnardo's ears, of course, and he *was* upset."

"Do you mean about its being a discredit to the Homes?"

"Oh, no, not that—they didn't even belong to the regular staff—no, he was just distressed

for them. And he sent word all round the offices—you were out when the notice came—asking that all the young clerks should meet him in the Board Room as soon as he got here this afternoon. And—well, he talked to us, for half an hour, just like a father."

"Did he want you to take the pledge?"

"Not exactly, but after talking about the drink in a way that made every one of us listen, he said, 'Now, I'm not going to ask you to take any pledge, because, if I did, some of you might feel you *must*, and that wouldn't be one bit of good. But if you think it over, and do it of your own accord, why, you couldn't do better, nor please me more.' But," added Mr. Brown thoughtfully, "it wasn't only what he said, it was that he seemed so anxious that each of us should be making the best of this life. I've been in other offices and I know the difference. Not that I've ever been unkindly treated, but I never felt before that it was a personal matter with the Chief how I turned out—and now I do!" He certainly showed his appreciation by putting his heart into his work, and matters in my department went on as comfortably as was consistent with the immediate and abnormal growth of the League.

Things were not made easier, however, by the fact that it came into being just before one of those terrible first outbreaks of influenza, not easily forgotten by those who went through them. During the previous

outbreak the inmates of the Homes had suffered severely, the Stepney premises having to be turned into a temporary hospital, whilst the staff escaped almost entirely. The year of the League's inception the position was reversed, and whilst the children escaped, the staff—including Dr. Barnardo and the newly appointed Wardens—were stricken down wholesale. This happened, too, early in the year, before the ordinary rush of Christmas work had been dealt with, and the arrears soon became something appalling.

It was then that I began to see something of the Doctor's astonishing power of dealing with difficulty. His customary duties and responsibilities were practically countless, and now he had added, to an already overwhelming list, the floating of this new scheme, with all its complications and perplexities.

But, really, he might almost have said of difficulties, "The more the merrier," and the way he would buckle to at a long list of them was a thing to remember. He was, indeed, a marvel of quickness, a quality not always combined with the power of concentration which he possessed in abounding degree. And so it was, that the untiring energy and resourcefulness of the Chief carried things through without any serious catastrophe, and by late spring matters had worked out fairly straight, and the Young Helpers' League was established as a permanent feature of the work of the Homes.

V

But although the League escaped coming to grief, as by a miracle, the dangers and difficulties of those early days seemed never-ending. Preparing and distributing suitable literature and printed forms of many kinds; drawing up a code for workers, paid and voluntary; finding agents, able and willing to undertake the complicated duties assigned to the Wardens; keeping the central office in touch with such a host of scattered workers—these, and a hundred such details, were perpetually under consideration, and only too often the final decision had to rest with the overworked Head of it all.

It was this state of things which brought me into such constant contact with Dr. Barnardo, and very seldom indeed did he show signs of the weariness that must have so often possessed him. But it was not long before my admiration became tinged with an absorbing desire to relieve him as much as possible. Quite early, I discovered not only the truth of what he had said as to not becoming case-hardened, but that his passionate love of children made him peculiarly sensitive to all interesting items concerning them—pathetic

or otherwise. So, I took to reserving letters of the specially interesting order, from, or about, little Leaguers, to show him, if ordinary business was extra trying.

On one occasion I recall, he was so jaded, after a long and worrying day's work, in the middle of summer, that he fairly snapped out answers to my alarming list of queries. Then suddenly noticing a couple of letters lying by themselves at my left hand, he swooped down upon them, with a decidedly irritable :

" What's this ? "

Shall I ever forget the change on his expressive face as he read ! The first was from the heartbroken father of a Young Helper, enclosing the contents (about 10s.) of the little lad's money-box.

" His last wish was that it should be sent to Dr. Barnardo's children," read the explanation.

" Poor things ! Poor things ! " murmured the Doctor. Then, to me, " Did you know that I have three little sons in heaven ? "

I did know, and quite understood how his heart had gone out to the stricken parents. But it had lifted him above the details of his everyday work, and the second letter completed the cure. This was also addressed to me, as manager of my special department of the League, by a very tiny Helper, in childish, wobbly capitals, and as far as I can recollect ran thus :

" These pennys is my little hen's first eggs and they's my birfday pesent to dear Docker Dernarder."

" The dear child ! " he exclaimed delightedly. " You did write her one of your nicest letters ? "

I acknowledged to having done my best, and then remarked :

" You've never lost your love of humour."

" If I had, I shouldn't be here," was the prompt reply. " Why, my friend, if it weren't for the comedy in things, the tragedy would *kill* one—it simply couldn't be borne, at least not by anyone coming constantly into contact with it, as I do. Believe me," he went on gravely, " one of the things I bless God for daily, is that I've got the Irishman's love of a joke."

And, his equanimity quite restored, he set to with a will, getting through my long list in almost as short a time as it would have taken an ordinary being to listen to its reading.

He was certainly right about his natural, abounding love of fun, and given two workers of equal value, his choice would have undoubtedly lain with the one who could the better enjoy a joke.

On the one occasion—years later on—when I nearly got into his very bad books, he gave way, by private wire, on a point I considered of vital importance. The next day he came into my room and treated me to a long exhortation on the pig-headedness (he did not

use that particular phrase, but meant it) of Woman in general and of me in particular!

When he had quite finished, I assumed the meekest air I could command, and remarked:

"Very well, Dr. Barnardo; I will do my best to become an automatic machine, only I don't think you will appreciate the penny-in-the-slot business."

Of course, he accepted the challenge, and after a brisk play of words, took his departure, without the farewell about which he was usually so particular. A moment later his head appeared round the opened door, as he called out in his ordinary, friendly fashion:

"You've a saving sense of humour—I'll say that for you! Good-bye, till next time."

That Dr. Barnardo was a born ruler of men (as well as a born doctor, and organizer, and a few other things) no one who knew him could doubt for a moment, but at the same time he greatly preferred those of his subordinates who understood, and understanding, had no fear of him. He had, for instance, a small boy always in attendance at his door, to show visitors in and out, and to take messages to the various offices. About the appearance of these boys-in-buttons he was very particular, especially as to clean hands and faces, and I have known an unhappy scamper sent back two or three times to complete a neglected toilet. But woe betide the boy who cringed or trembled, at least after the first freshness had been allowed for, unless, indeed, there

were some genuine reason for distress. One afternoon, when I was being interviewed, a new-comer brought a note for the Doctor, in a hand that could not steady itself. Immediately the small fingers were taken into the Chief's comfortable grasp.

"Cold to the bone!" he exclaimed. "Go and tell your matron she must find you an overcoat from somewhere." Then to me, as the boy departed, "Fancy sending a delicate little chap like that to hang about on such a cold evening!"

One lad there was, undersized and very young-looking, who served as "buttons" for quite a long time, and who so thoroughly understood the Doctor's ways as to smile, undisturbed, whilst it was being explained to me that I was at liberty to rule him with a rod of iron. Indeed, so useful did this particular boy become that his apprenticeship was put off to the last possible moment, until, in fact, the Doctor felt and said:

"I really mustn't stand in his way. Though," he added, "I admit it's a bit of a temptation. Some of the boys are"—lowering his voice to a confidential whisper—"such little duffers!"

A case where the temptation was the reverse came my way about this time. The culprit, a clerk of the very careless order, had made a great muddle of a piece of work that had some connection with my department, and I was in the Board Room when he was called up to give an account of himself. I tried to

signal to him to speak up clearly, but instead of this, he mumbled some half-articulate excuse, the only words of which to reach the ears of the Chief were, " didn't understand."

Instantly he was caught up with an indignant :

" ' Didn't understand ' ? Why, that's just what I'm blaming you for. I didn't suppose you were so wicked as to do us an injury on purpose. But it's no excuse to say you didn't know. You ought to have known, and not have messed up things like this."

The man still looked—though he certainly was not—sulky and unrepentant, and I held my breath as Dr. Barnardo fairly shouted out :

" You can go," fearing it might end with, " for good and all."

" As much as I could do, not to," was the Doctor's reply to my unspoken thought—a habit of his to which I was getting inured. " He really is too provoking. But he shall have another chance ; only, perhaps," with his whimsical expression, " he'll be safer out of my way, for a bit, at any rate."

VI

I HAVE already mentioned Dr. Barnardo's wonderful memory for faces, which at first seemed to me almost eerie. We were crossing the Stepney playground one day, when I had only been there a few weeks. Turning suddenly to a group of three elder lads, talking earnestly near the staircase, he took hold of one by the ear, with a rapid string of questions:

"Who are you? A new boy, eh? What's your name, and how old are you? Speak up —I'm deaf."

The boy responded, but with a certain hesitancy, and the warning, "Now mind, no bad language here," was evidently not unheeded.

"How *could* you tell he was a new boy, out of three hundred?" I asked when we were out of earshot.

"Oh, I always know, especially with the older ones."

"And could you hear him swear?"

"Why, no, of course not. You know it is only a few people I can hear without my trumpet, but I could *see* he was doing something he knew was wrong."

This, too, when his mind seemed full of the

usual string of perplexities I had been unfolding,

Another time, he was looking through a book of photographs in my room, and pointing to one, of a curiously deformed child, he enquired :

" Do you know that girl—Mary Smith ? It's a peculiar case, from a medical point of view," and he proceeded to give me some details that certainly were very unusual.

" But surely, she died at the beginning of the week ? " I interjected.

" Died ! " he almost shrieked. " Died ! No, no ; they would have been certain to let me know."

And I only saved his wiring to Bradford, by suggesting that the Mary Smith I had in mind was an Ilford child, of whose death he really had been notified.

" Dear me ! " he exclaimed, with a sigh of relief. " You did give me a turn—but there, I suppose there are a good many Mary Smiths knocking about ! "

On the same occasion he demanded the presence of a member of the general staff, responsible for the illustration blocks, and pointing to a certain photo, he shook his head reproachfully.

" Now, my dear fellow, look at that ! The photo was used last March, and it's never been marked off."

" I'll make enquiries at once," was the reply. And, in an undertone to me, " I've no doubt

he's right. I would always trust his memory against mine."

Yet another instance of this peculiar gift of his came under my notice, when, at a later date, I took locum work for a matron at one of the Homes for Little Incurables. Hearing I had come straight from London, several of the children clamoured to know, "When's Dr. Barnardo coming to see me?"

"See *you*," I replied to the chief spokesman, "why, he wouldn't know you from any other little knickerbocker boy?"

"Oh, but he would, Sister. He always says, 'Where's Tiny Tim?'"

"Yes, it's quite true," chimed in the head nurse. "They all love his coming; even Blind Maisie, by the fireplace, who isn't quite 'all there,' says, 'Sweeties' if she hears his name; she did so enjoy the peppermint creams he brought her. And really," she went on, "he seems to know every child by name, and the whole history of its illness, and the things that have been tried and have, or haven't, done any good."

It so happened that during my three weeks' stay at this Home, two of the elder boys became suddenly much worse, and passed away within a few hours of each other. Knowing that both had formerly been in Her Majesty's Hospital I went across, on my return, to tell Sister Eva.

"Oh, yes," she said, "I know all about it. Dr. Barnardo sent for me yesterday about

other things, and just as I was leaving he said, 'By the way, Dick Grey and Studley were your boys. Have you heard they were both released last week?' Really, he is a wonder," she continued, "he seemed to know just as much about both as if he had been watching them all the time, and you know it is over two years since they went North."

And truly he felt it a joy and reward to come into personal touch with any of his adopted children. I was present once when he had been speaking at the opening ceremony at a Home for Cripples, and after the fuss was over and the guests enjoying a cup of tea, he beckoned to me mysteriously. I, of course, responded, and he whispered—for all the world like a schoolboy in mischief:

"Come in here, and we'll have some fun," leading the way into a small ward on the ground floor, which happened to be deserted of grown-ups, for the moment.

He shut the door and then proceeded to enjoy himself rapturously and, I'm afraid I must admit, rather noisily. One little fair-haired boy had fallen too sound asleep to be roused by noise, and as he lay, his head on his arm, and his curls falling in profusion on the pillow, the Doctor broke off, to point him out to me, with an enthusiastic:

"There's a picture!"

At this moment the child half awoke and flung himself rather too far over the bedside. In an instant the Doctor was by him, tenderly

—oh, how tenderly !—moving the little figure into a safer position. And I knew, by the expression of his face, that the act was sending his thoughts back to the little lad of his own, at whose death-bed he had vowed an even deeper devotion to the cause of suffering childhood.

As he straightened himself, his eye fell on the three-year occupant of the next cot, whose under lip showed a decided tendency to quiver.

" What's the matter ? " he exclaimed anxiously. " Oh, she's not got a doll. Never mind ; don't cry. You shall have a beauty in a minute."

And running to the door, he shouted vigorously for " Nurse " to come to the rescue of a " poor little doll-less soul " ; waiting, too, at the risk of losing his train, to see the joyful clasping of tiny arms around a " weal baby."

Another time, he came into my room late one Monday evening.

" Eh, what brings you here at this time of night ? " he exclaimed in surprise. " I would have you know, I don't allow my ladies to be gadding about at unholy hours."

" Oh," I replied, " you needn't be afraid, I've got a bed close by for to-night. The fact is I've been down to Ilford for the week-end, and I couldn't tear myself away in time to finish up here."

" And didn't you enjoy the Village ? "

" That I did—indeed, it almost made me want to be working there altogether."

"No, no, I won't have any of that! All the same, I know what you mean. That's the real thing, and up here it's just dry as dust. Only do remember," laying a hand on my shoulder and all but shaking me, in his earnestness, "do remember, this is really helping, as much as if you were mothering the children all day long."

And here, I cannot refrain from giving the testimony of an outsider to this feature in Dr. Barnardo's personality. Quite accidentally I came across a former member of a committee connected with a provincial Home, and giving his first impressions of the Founder, he said:

"I don't mind telling you now, that I was dreadfully disappointed in him to begin with. I really don't know quite why," with a laugh, "but I believe I'd been ass enough to expect a big man to represent such a big cause, and by the side of our six foot three chairman he really did look rather insignificant. And then his voice was husky—he said he had been speaking too much on the top of a bad cold—and his deafness made him seem awkward, and altogether I can only say I felt downright upset. But, after the meeting he went through the wards, and when I saw him with the children, I could have kicked myself. I never saw or heard anything quite so beautiful, and I can tell you this—I learnt a lesson then that I shall never forget to the end of my life."

VII

But although always delightful when in personal contact with his children, Doctor Barnardo was perhaps only to be seen in his full glory during the departure-time of a party of young emigrants.

He came into my room one afternoon, during my first spring at Stepney, wiping his forehead and looking thoroughly exhausted. For a wonder he allowed himself to be made comfortable in the office arm-chair, and under the influence of a cup of tea he speedily revived.

"It's the saying good-bye to so many that has taken it out of me," he remarked presently.

"But you can't have said good-bye to all the three hundred odd!"

"Well, I've had a farewell meeting in the schoolroom and shaken hands all round, but the trying thing is the personal good-byes. There were over twenty, mostly big lads I knew personally, and I've had a good talk with each one alone. It's the finest chance one can get," he went on thoughtfully, "their hearts are softened now as they seldom are at any other time, and I feel sure that three, at least, have definitely decided this afternoon, to live for God and His glory."

His face beamed at the happy thought, for the spiritual side of his work always held first place in his mind. And the next day, when he took final farewell of his flock, at Paddington, I fully appreciated the special handshakes to this trio, and could almost hear his whispered, "Stand fast," "Be strong," "Fight the Good Fight"—some of his favourite watch-words for young "soldiers of the Cross."

He was sometimes able to accompany an emigrant party to Liverpool, and that train-ride he certainly did enjoy to the top of his bent. One time, when I was going down on business, he had secured a bogie-train for a large party of girls, and for fully three hours he gave himself up to personal talks, with one and another.

In order to catch this early train, the Doctor, coming up from the other side of London, had only been able to manage the scrappiest of breakfasts, and when he was ordering luncheon baskets for us—members of the staff—I enquired :

"And what about yourself ? "

"Oh, I'm too tired for anything but tea. But now mind," shaking a warning finger at me, "as a doctor, I strictly forbid *you* to rely upon tea."

"Precept *v.* practice ? " I suggested.

"Don't cheek your boss, if you please ! Ah, here's your basket. Now, do you understand how to have it in comfort ? "

I mildly insinuated that I had not been in

the habit of associating comfort with a Company's basket.

"Just let me show you," and he actually proceeded to set out the contents, with the skill of the accomplished waiter, and with an absorption suggesting that his one object in life was to make the best of an alfresco meal, under difficulties.

But then, that was eminently characteristic of the man. Whatever he undertook, he put his whole energy into it, and for the time, nothing else had existence to his consciousness—hence the fact that on everything he did, however small, he impressed his own vivid personality.

And certainly I never knew anyone else half so particular as to the personal comforts of his staff—women especially.

"Haven't I given her a nice little home?" he asked me once, referring to the friend through whom I had originally come into the work.

"That you have," I replied; "if I hadn't one of my own, I should be half tempted to envy her."

"Well, when people do such good work, they deserve a good home, and I made up my mind a long time ago that she should have it, when it could be managed."

Then, when I returned to Stepney a second time, after a long interval, the hospital dinner was no longer feasible, but the Doctor had given orders that a midday meal was

to be served in my own office—a very large one.

"And I've told them to treat you well," he explained, "so be sure and say, if it isn't up to the mark."

As a rule, the Chief was not at Stepney in a morning, but it happened once, that having slept in town, he walked into my room about twelve o'clock for a "good long talk about everything."

By the way, he apologized, when I first went, for not knocking at anyone's door, on the score of, "You see, I shouldn't hear you say, 'Come in,' or 'Keep off!'"

On this particular occasion, "everything" proved such an exhaustive subject, that time went on unheeded, till, happening to glance at my clock, he exclaimed in horror:

"Why, you don't mean to say it's nearly two!" Then, very sharply, "When do they bring your lunch?"

"About a quarter to one, generally."

"Then why isn't it here now?"

"Why, naturally, because the Head is."

"Nonsense, nonsense, I can't have that."

And all down the corridor I heard him shouting:

"Hall, Hall, where are you? Take up Miss Neuman's tray at once—and mind you never keep her waiting again."

Hall was one who thoroughly understood his master, and as he put down my tray, he remarked, with a smile:

" It's to be brought in another time, whatever happens ! "

Another day, I had just finished tea when Dr. Barnardo walked in. He was almost off again before I could make him understand that I could finish my remaining half-cup in a second. He returned, but stood aghast at the colour of the fluid.

" Is that what they give you ? " he demanded sternly.

" Yes," I replied ; " at last I've made them understand that I prefer it as weak as possible."

" Oh, well, if you like it so ! *I*," with tremendous emphasis, " prefer *tea* to *wash !* " Then, meditatively, " What beats me is, why you trouble to pass it through the teapot ! "

My ridiculous taste made a distinct impression on him, too, and more than once he politely enquired whether I had been enjoying my " coloured water ! "

The terrible stuff he drank was certainly a great contrast, and really made me shudder, especially when he took to having it without milk or sugar. But then he was, undoubtedly, very merciless to the physical side of his nature, and would have been greatly scandalized with any member of the staff who had ventured to take a leaf out of his book.

Hall, as has been said, understood the Chief's little ways, but this is more than could be said of many of the staff. I admit frankly that he could be decidedly alarming on occasion, sometimes unconsciously, but not seldom,

of intent—though it always distressed him if the latter method took too great effect.

"Who could suppose anyone would be so absurd?" he remarked ruefully one day, when he had lashed a ridiculously "sensitive" young man to the verge of tears. "Well, what do you want to say?" as he saw me hesitate before replying.

"Only this—if people have the misfortune to be born with immense self-esteem and very little ground for it, are they to be held responsible?"

"Perhaps not," reluctantly. Then, brightening up, "Only I wish they'd give me a precious wide berth!"

Then his deafness was a very real obstacle to his understanding and being understood. For not only was his hearing affected, but with it had gone, to a large extent, the control of his voice, so that he frequently did not know whether he was whispering or shouting. I have heard from a perfectly reliable source that he has been known to move his lips for several minutes, without any resulting sound—this when he was tired out, after a heavy day's work. I cannot say this was my experience, though I have often known him suddenly drop his voice, apparently without rhyme or reason. But what I did come across several times was far more distressing.

At a large public meeting in a provincial town, for instance, the platform became inconveniently crowded. During an interval,

Dr. Barnardo beckoned to one of his boys to come up to him, and then instead of the intended whisper came a sudden, alarming shout of:

"Take those chairs away at once—right out of the hall!"

The effect was so irresistibly comic that the audience, after a brief, convulsive clutch at gravity, broke into peals of laughter, the situation being made all the more acute by the Doctor's face of puzzled surprise.

I have mentioned that my second room at Stepney was a very large one. It was also close to the Board Room, and I was frequently asked to let his special callers wait their turn in my domain. One afternoon, a young girl, to be interviewed for a vacant post, was sent in to me thus and from the little she said I judged that she was feeling very nervous at this, her first, attempt at facing the world.

Presently I became aware of some commotion in the corridor outside. Feet paced up and down, to the accompaniment of a perfect hailstorm of what might well have been taken for the bad language "not allowed here."

I saw the girl give an involuntary shiver, and remarked quietly:

"There's nothing to be afraid of. It's only Dr. Barnardo asking for the matches! He hasn't the slightest idea he is making such a noise."

"Oh, thank you," she gasped. "I felt I

couldn't go in to see him, if he was to be like that."

Enter Dr. Barnardo, smilingly urbane, and blissfully unconscious of the impression he had been giving.

It was on account, too, of this disability, that Council meetings were apt to be very trying. He insisted at these Y.H.L. functions that the Chief Warden should sit on one side of him, and I on the other, we being the two who could communicate with him with the greatest ease, but his eye was on everyone, and a chance remark that he could not hear was always a source of irritation. On one occasion it happened that I was greatly absorbed by some notes I could not decipher. When I came out of my absorption, it was to hear Dr. Barnardo saying, in a tone I understood to be covering pent-up annoyance:

"Miss Dash, I can see you speaking, but I'm too deaf to-day to hear you, even with my trumpet. Will you kindly repeat your remark more loudly? I am sure it is too valuable to be lost."

The unhappy Warden, who really had taken the opportunity of his deafness to make some irrelevant remarks, was so upset at this unexpected request, that all she could say in an agonized undertone was:

"Oh, what did I say? I can't remember. Help me, somebody, please." Then, with the courage of desperation, "Would there be time

to consider the question of officers' forms before I have to leave ? "

Needless to say, the query had to be passed on by me, a task I found far from easy, considering that the original remark had been a groan over the sudden burst of heat, under which all our tempers were being strained!

It was not unnatural, too, to find that many people — especially those unaccustomed to dealing with the deaf—quite misunderstood him when they found that he could sometimes hear what it was not intended he should. As a fact, the rumbling of a heavy train over the arches, a few yards from the Board Room, whilst it deafened us, made his hearing almost acute, whilst he was as ready to take my place at the telephone, as I was to give it up.

Then the particular form of deafness from which he suffered was affected to a considerable extent by general health and external conditions, so that on a " good " day, and in quiet surroundings, he was quite capable of taking the uninitiated by surprise. Since I began writing these memories, a valued member of his staff was telling me of just such an experience. The Director was paying her a visit at her own home, and sat by the fire, resting. There was the usual long list to consult him about, but he seemed so tired that Mrs. G—— remarked to her husband, in rather an undertone :

" Had we not better leave these three last things and not trouble him about them ? "

To her dismay, there came from the fireplace the quiet response :

" I think you had better tell me all about everything ! "

And yet, at another time, they might have talked in his presence, to any extent, without his noticing, unless, indeed, he caught sight of any movement of the lips. For really it was by this movement chiefly that he understood the few people with whom communication was comparatively easy. As soon as he turned his head round—to look for a letter, say—he had no idea whether or not I was continuing to speak, and would start talking, quite oblivious of the fact that I was trying to have my little say.

But the graver possibilities of mistake were brought home to me during an interview in my office, between Dr. Barnardo and the representative of a firm of printers, or illustrators, I am not sure which. But, at any rate, the visitor was most anxious to secure an order for a particular article, as to which the Doctor hesitated. Whilst he was studying the specimen in his hand, the seller remarked :

" May I put it down as 10,000 ? "

" Yes," came from the unconscious Chief, " that's not a bad style at all." (I believe he was not in the least aware that he had spoken aloud.) " Now, what were you saying about those smaller things ? "

I had seen a note made of the supposed order, and took the opportunity of the Doctor's

attention being absorbed by the fresh samples, to say :

" If you are under the impression that Dr. Barnardo has given you an order, you are mistaken. He did not hear you, and has not given you an answer, one way or the other."

The man looked puzzled, and hardly able to believe me ; he held out his book to the Doctor, enquiring in a very clear tone of voice :

" This is your order, is it not, sir ? "

For a moment the Head looked puzzled. Then came an avalanche of repudiation :

" My order ? Certainly not. I never gave you an order at all, and if I do have the things, it certainly won't be in that particular form."

The unfortunate representative hastened to apologize, and did succeed in getting an order, duly ratified, for the second article, the first being relegated to the " I'll let you know " shelf.

Hardly was the sinner out of the room when Dr. Barnardo broke forth :

" A queer fellow that ! Did you hear him try to run me in for an order ? And yet he seemed a decent sort, in other ways."

And the " decent sort " returned, after he judged the coast to be clear, to say :

" Please excuse me, but I am so much obliged to you for putting me right. If you had not, that order would have been put in hand to-night, and, of course, Dr. Barnardo would have been ready to swear that he never

sanctioned it; and it would have been all up with me."

"But did you not notice how deaf he is?"

"No—that's the queer part of it. My elder brother has been very deaf since he had scarlet fever, as a lad, so I've been used to it almost all my life, and yet it never once struck me that that was why he kept on breaking into what I was saying."

In this particular case no special harm was done, but the whole thing set me wondering how often the Doctor must have seemed to go back upon his word, when there was nobody at hand to put matters straight for him.

VIII

The Young Helpers' League, growing by leaps and bounds, was almost immediately in need of a magazine of its own, apart from *Night and Day*, the official organ of the Homes. At the time of its inception, my ordinary work was quite overwhelming, and it was not till about the third quarterly number that the Doctor claimed my promised literary help. It soon fell to my share to prepare the whole of each number, and by the time it entered on its second year, the magazine had nearly doubled its original size, and had become a regular monthly feature of League work—though even this great increase hardly sufficed to deal with the immense numbers of activities, which more than justified the Chief's belief in youthful enthusiasm.

This again brought me into constant contact with the Head, who, at the commencement, accepted sole responsibility for making the magazine a success. Many of the Wardens were extremely good in furnishing interesting details, notably Mrs. Evered Poole, the Chief Warden, whose reports were really delightful reading, and it soon became evident that the magazine had taken hold. From that time

Dr. Barnardo contented himself with final revision, keeping his eye wide open for mistakes, omissions, or dullness—the latter never failing to rouse indignant protest. And here his wonderful quickness of observation came in again. A discrepancy in facts or figures could never hope to be overlooked, whilst complaints—their name was Legion at first—were sure to find their way, post-haste, to my overcrowded desk.

But though mistakes annoyed him intensely, I always found him quite willing to listen to reasonable explanation—indeed, my experience throughout was that though quite capable of hasty judgment, he was also equally capable of frankly acknowledging himself in the wrong. Of this frankness I had personal experience many times, notably on one occasion, when I had been with him only a few months.

Almost from the beginning I had been somewhat handicapped by a sort of indefinable opposition on the part of one of the principal workers. I could think of no possible cause, and there was really nothing tangible to "talk over"—the Doctor's panacea for all misunderstandings. I did not know him then as I did later on, and it was indeed a surprise to have him writing thus, at the end of one of his long business letters:

"I am perhaps most of all troubled about your relations with N. M.; and the more so as I think *I am principally to blame* for what-

ever misunderstanding has occurred. For in looking over my original letter to her—before you had appeared on the scene—I notice that I pointed out that we would require a London official; but I . . . foolishly wrote that the chief organization of the whole district would be on N. M.'s shoulders, that she would be Chief, untrammelled in any way, and that the London worker would practically be her assistant!

"Of course, I now see that all this was written in complete ignorance of what the requirements of the League would be."

But for this generous explanation I hardly think the misunderstanding could have been put right; as it was, with this clue, I was able to adopt a line that ensured our working, as we did, in the most perfect harmony.

Another instance I recall, on different lines, of the Doctor's willingness to be "set right" by a subordinate. On the journey to Liverpool, of which mention has already been made, after satisfying himself that my meal had really been "comfortable," he settled down for a business chat, beginning with his favourite formula:

"Now you're quite wrong about," etc.

He had his say—a long one—and then allowed me my innings. This was followed by the usual pause for quiet thought, the verdict being:

"I hadn't thought of it in that light. Very well; it shall be as you wish."

This change of front was probably in his mind when he walked into my room, one afternoon in the following week, and proceeded, without explanation or introduction, in this fashion:

"And what do you know about the Deputation work at ——?" naming an important north-country town.

"I know that splendid work is being done, under great difficulties."

"Oh, it is, is it? What do you make of the fact that members of the local committee are always resigning?"

"No wonder, considering how the place has been torn asunder with factions."

"Well, you're a fine champion!" he exclaimed, with one of his quizzical glances. "Now go on and tell me all about it."

Nothing loath, I "went on," showing him the other side of the story.

He listened patiently, and then sat, rubbing his ear, in a way I understood to mean vexed perplexity. Presently he broke out:

"And how do you account for my having heard such a different version? I know my informant would never willingly deceive me or anyone else."

"No, that he certainly wouldn't," I agreed heartily.

In a moment he was down on me, with a quick:

"What do you mean by 'he'? *I* mentioned no names."

"Indeed, you did not. I'll put it in this way. Whoever could have told you the story in that form simply shows his—her, if you prefer—complete lack of comprehension of the present state of affairs in that particular town, and also an utter want of sympathy with the difficulties of a Deputation under those special circumstances."

"Oh, indeed. And pray, how do you understand it all so clearly?"

"Well, it so happens that I have three sets of friends living in the place, and I've been pretty well posted up in its tribulations. And as to the Deputation . . ." Here I came to a full stop, and under the Doctor's piercing gaze, the colour began to come into my face.

"Ah, what's all this, my lady?" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands in glee. "You've all but let the cat out of the bag. Now just own up."

"Well, it isn't much to own up to. Only I wanted really to understand Deputation work, and so I've been taking Y.H.L. Warden's meetings in my holiday."

"You have? That's a nice way of getting a rest. Holidays are not meant for work."

"No?" I remarked innocently. "I did think I heard of meetings being arranged for on the East Coast."

"Now, now—I don't want any of that. And for goodness' sake, do remember that I'm your warning, not your example. But to come back to business. In the case we

started with, you do really think good work is being done, and you have positive grounds for your belief ? "

"I do, and I have."

"All right—I shan't forget."

And at the time of his death that Deputation was still doing invaluable work for the Homes.

IX

The League celebrated its first birthday by a grand bazaar at St James's Hall. For the previous fortnight or three weeks the staff was driven nearly frantic by the extra work of preparation for this function, added to an almost incredible number of enrolments of Companions, new and old, with a vast amount of consequent clerkage—this too, at the time of year when the ordinary work of the Homes is at its heaviest.

The Christmas holiday had to be of the briefest. On Christmas Eve the male staff worked till nearly eleven o'clock, and when they did get off it was to find the fog so intense that ordinary traffic had been quite suspended. Some of them had to creep home, in cold and darkness, and the one train that did succeed in getting to Stepney station crawled away, every inch of standing room fully occupied.

And day after day the fog lasted, even the West End being so benighted that no one knew when Royalty drove up to the Hall. By this time I had become fairly desperate, especially as acute family anxiety made it all but impossible for me to leave home for any length

of time. But I did manage to get to the Hall —the journey taking quite four times as long as usual—before the opening hour, and was shocked to see Dr. Barnardo going slowly up the stairs, pausing between every step, his face looking quite pinched, and with a distressing blue shade round the mouth. (I did not know that even then he suffered considerably from heart weakness.) When he got to the top he paused, gasping for breath ; then, noticing my anxiety, he summoned up a smile and a whispered " All right in a minute."

He was speedily so far " right " as to be able to enquire :

" What are you doing with the work ? "

" I am seeing to all the important correspondence myself," I replied.

" Ah, that's a relief ! But what about the rest ? "

" I really can't say. With such a staff it is simply impossible to meet the rush."

" How many extras do you want ? "

" Eight at least."

And the next day, that number of additions had been squeezed into the long-suffering general office.

And, curiously enough, that bazaar was not the utter fiasco it promised to be. Dr. Barnardo pulled himself together, in his own mysterious fashion, and kept a smiling face. His efforts were backed up by our beaming opener, H.R.H. Princess Mary of Teck, who sat on the platform, the very picture of happy

good-will. Their lead could hardly but be followed, and it was something to hear on all sides, "Well, I *have* enjoyed myself!"

But the weather really was in one of its very worst moods, and early in the new year snow and frost were added to the delights of an unlifting fog. The roads became so intensely slippery that getting about was more difficult than I ever remember, before or since, and if my presence had not been so essential I should have considered the journey to Stepney—fifteen stations, with two changes—an impossibility. Then, in the second week in January, in returning home, my foot slid from under me, and I fell heavily backwards, striking my head violently against a projecting brick wall. At the time I had not the least idea of real injury, but the next day, when I went to the hospital as usual, Sister called out at sight of my (most unusually) pale face, and insisted on my lying down during the dinner-hour. Reviving a little, I managed to get back to work, in spite of medical protest. So it went on till the Wednesday, when Dr. Barnardo, who had been away, lecturing, came into my room, exclaiming:

"What's this I hear? Milne" (the head of the hospital staff) "has just been telling me you've no business to be here." Then, as he took my hand in his, "Is that all you can do in the way of a shake? Try again."

I obeyed, but with such poor results that we looked at each other in dismay. Imme-

diately all other thoughts were dismissed from his mind, and sitting down quietly he made me tell him the history of the accident.

"You must stop all work *at once*," was his decree.

"But how can I? There is so much nobody else understands, that if I'm away altogether they can't help getting into a muddle."

"Then they must," was the inexorable reply. "Now, mind, there's no 'if' about it. You go straight home and see your own doctor, and you are to do whatever he advises."

There was no going against such downright orders, and "he" advising complete and immediate rest, I managed to get away, and to bed for a fortnight. The charm worked so well that I was able to report on very satisfactory lines, and during the second week the Doctor broached the subject of my increasing the number of my weekly attendances at Stepney, though it was just like him to explain:

"Please understand there is not intended in this one word of criticism; for I well know that you have come . . . when you ought to have kept away" (referring to domestic anxieties), "and although I have not expressed this feeling before, I would not . . . allow this to go without saying that I have felt very grateful to you."

And the letter concludes with this aspiration:

"God give us both, wisdom, and all needed

grace for His work; for, after all, without His guidance and direction we shall be but foolish children, groping in the dark, crying for the light and finding it not."

Reluctant as I felt to give up my work at Dr. Barnardo's I could not see my way to putting in more attendances, but I temporized by suggesting that the matter might wait until we could talk it over together. The Doctor was by no means devoted to the word "wait," but in this case he agreed to my suggestion with a good grace.

I returned just in time for an important Council meeting, as to which I had had a few volumes of minute, and not always easily understood, instructions. Just as I was leaving my office for the Board Room, in flew Dr. Barnardo.

"How are you? Why," in a tone of joyful surprise, "you're quite well!"

"I thought I told you I was."

"Yes, I know you did, but I could hardly believe it. You could hurt my hand now, I expect. Dear me! What a lot of recuperative power you must have!"

But all the same, I caught his medical eye wandering towards me from time to time, and when the protracted meeting was over, I was exhorted to go straight home and rest. It certainly was often a great boon to his staff that their Head was a medical man and always ready to give the physical due attention. One winter, I recollect, influenza had been very

busy, and I was amongst many of the staff victims. Unfortunately the heaviest magazine of the year had to be tackled before I was really fit for such a piece of work ; but it got done to time, and I was just giving myself a mental stretch, when the Doctor came in, with a :

" Now I want a long business talk with you. How are you ? "

" Oh, much better."

" Then we'll begin. Sit there, near me ; I seem extra deaf to-day." Then, as I took the seat indicated, facing the light :

" Why, you're not a bit right. Your eyes should never look like that."

" Oh," I replied, " I think that's chiefly from looking so closely at the magazine work."

" Is the magazine done ? "

" Yes, and gone to the printer's this afternoon."

" That's right ! You're a brick ! But now, what about yourself ? Are you under a doctor ? "

" Yes, he doesn't consider me off his books yet."

" And what does he say ? "

" Only that I want a change."

" Well, and why on earth don't you take it ? I'm not going to talk business with anyone like you. Now, just go off to-morrow and tell Smith when you're coming back."

" Naturally ! " was " Smith's " comment.

" I knew you'd be sure to be sent off, as soon as he set eyes on you."

But this same Mr. Smith was quicker at giving advice than at taking it. There came a time when he saw fit to work at such high pressure that I brought all my nurse-authority to bear—in vain, of course.

The next time Dr. Barnardo paid me a visit he was in a great state of mind.

" Dear me ! Dear me ! " pacing up and down in caged wild-animal fashion. " This is too bad about Smith. Do you know " (sternly, and as though I were the cause) " how very ill he is ? "

I expressed regret, which passed unheeded.

" I believe he's been overworking." (Sorry as I felt, I could not refrain from a passing thought as to the pot's compliments to the kettle.) Then, with positive fierceness, " You will all do it, but you shall not in future. Poor fellow ! I only hope it isn't really serious. His temperature's very high and he's quite delirious. Now, just listen to me." (As though I could do anything else !) " This fashion of working too hard and too long has got to be dropped. I won't take the responsibility, if you all will work beyond your strength. He ought not to have done it. He isn't really strong. I'd rather all his work had come to grief than have this happen. And when he comes back, do, please do, pull him up if he tries it on again."

And so on, and so on, his real distress

making him glad to have found a safety-valve. But I fancy if there were any passers-by in the corridor, at that particular moment, they must have put it down as a case of a right-down good scolding.

Equally distressed, though in quieter mood, he looked in another day, to ask :

" Do you know Mrs. D——? "

" Only by name, but I've heard that she and her husband have been devoted workers in the Homes, almost from the first."

" That they have," he responded warmly. " And now, poor soul ! I hear she is likely to have to go through ——" (naming a very dangerous operation). " I'm getting Dr. Milne to take her to a specialist, but it must be a dreadful time for them both." Then, as he went out, " Be sure you don't forget to pray for them."

Next day, a very bright face told of good news, before the words were out :

" A false alarm ! She's pretty bad, of course, but nothing that ordinary treatment oughtn't to meet. Anyway, there's no need for an operation."

And another incident comes to my mind, illustrating the wideness of his sympathies. The young son of a clerical member of the staff was found to have injured one of his fingers, unconsciously, and without attracting attention at the time. When taken for hospital advice the examining surgeon suggested an operation that would restore power, but would involve

permanent stiffness of both joints. The matter was mentioned incidentally to the Chief (I think in consequence of the father's asking for leave of absence).

"Bring the child to see me," he exclaimed at once. "I don't like the idea of his being disfigured for life."

He was brought, and after a careful examination, in my office, Dr. Barnardo exclaimed triumphantly:

"It seems to me it needn't be done as he suggests. Anyway I'll get Cheyne to look at it." With the result that a different operation, performed at Her Majesty's Hospital, restored power, without causing disfigurement.

A little incident connected with this affair is very suggestive of Dr. Barnardo's tender ways with children. Whilst examining the hand, he knitted his brows and studied the case so intently, that the boy—a nervous little fellow—brought into such close contact with what looked like severity, showed such unmistakable signs of a breakdown, that I involuntarily gave his head a reassuring pat.

A half-angry exclamation rose to the Doctor's lips, then, catching sight of the little face, all on the quiver, his own took on its sweetest expression, and lifting the child on his knee, he exclaimed, in a tone of gentlest raillery:

"Why, you're never afraid of me, the father of the very largest family in the whole world? Yes, you may well open your eyes. You ask

that lady if I haven't got more boys and girls to look after than any other man on earth. And that means that I wouldn't hurt anyone else's little boy, why, not if you were to give me all those pennies in your pocket ! "

The tone perhaps, more than the argument, entirely allayed the patient's fears, and nestling his head against his doctor's encircling arm, he held out a diminutive hand, with the confidence of the child who feels himself in safe keeping.

X

I NEED hardly say that the idea of giving up Dr. Barnardo's work was a very distressing one to me, and yet I felt that he was absolutely in the right as to its being imperative that every department should have a chief, always in evidence.

I had been racking my brains for some solution of the problem, and had even got the length of a half-promise to try daily attendance, when the question was settled by the renewed illness of my mother. She had never really been the same after an attack of influenza during my first winter at Stepney, and now, in early spring, a second attack, though slight in itself, had brought her into a condition of immediate danger.

On a certain Thursday I was summoned to the Board Room for discussion of an accumulation of details, and by the end of our talk my voice threatened to depart altogether. At last, taking up his detested trumpet, the Chief enquired testily:

"What's the matter with you? Why can't you talk as usual? Have you got a cold?"

"Oh, no; I think it's only that I haven't really been in bed since Monday."

In a second he was all sympathy, but it

struck me that, even for him, enquiries as to detail were peculiarly minute—I understood later that the symptoms I described reminded him of the sword that was beginning to hang over his own head. And never till the time I left did he fail to ask with real interest as to my patient's progress.

"And what about my own position?" I enquired.

"Well, all I can say is, that for the present you must not leave her, unless the doctor orders a nurse (*aside*) (I can't, for the life of me, think why he doesn't!). She has an invaluable maid, you say. Well, you must do the best you can with her help. Let me know if there's any change."

"And as to my work? A good deal I can do at home, of course, but there's nobody to take my place in the office."

"Have you told Odling and the others?"—naming some of the heads of departments.

"No, as a fact I haven't spoken of it to anyone."

"Do, then; and," proudly, "you'll see the sort of staff I've got. Now, don't bother about things here. We'll do without you all right, for a bit. Cheer up. You know where to look for strength. And *be sure* you get all the rest you possibly can."

As I left the Board Room I ran across the general secretary ("Odling") and took the Doctor's advice about telling him of my position. As quickly as his Chief, he threw

himself into the breach, promising to keep an eye upon things in general, and to act as referee to Mr. Brown, who was by this time quite able to attend to the routine work without supervision.

By the end of the following week, things had so far improved that I ventured to put in an appearance at the office, only to be wired for an hour after my arrival. I found that a serious turn for the worse had taken place, and from that time I never had any hope of permanent recovery. My earnest plea to the Doctor was to find my successor as soon as possible; but, for the first time, I thought him a trifle unkind, in that he took things in very leisurely fashion. Then I discovered that, not knowing my mother's extraordinary vitality, he considered it could only be a matter of a very few weeks, and had planned in his own mind that, after a thorough rest, I should return to take up whole-time duties.

But it was not to be, and he at length inserted such an advertisement for my successor, that, as the general secretary remarked, "No one would have the face to answer!" A good many people thought differently, though I must admit that the majority repudiated a large percentage of the specified qualifications.

In the meanwhile I was dragging on, going to Stepney as often as possible, but frequently unable to leave home for days together, and then it was that I understood our Chief's

pride in his workers. Never shall I forget their sympathy and its practical expression. Over and over again I was begged to go home and "leave the letters to me," in spite of the fact that the would-be deputy was already more than busy on his own account. Mr. Brown and his juniors also came out grandly, and from neighbouring offices came a succession of "good cups of tea."

And how delighted was the Doctor when I dilated on the kindness of his staff!

"Ah, I knew you'd say so. They are a good lot. Though," with mysterious comicality, "I don't always tell them so!"

I am not altogether sure that it might not have been more encouraging to some of them if he had let his appreciation be more apparent.

I happened to learn incidentally that a certain member of the staff was feeling somewhat depressed over his complicated, but monotonous, duties; and I know it would have helped him greatly if he could have heard the Doctor's emphatic:

"He's a diamond, a real diamond, even if some people do think him a rough one. Well, what are your eyebrows going up about?"

"Because I can't imagine how anyone can say such a thing. I have always found him as pleasant and courteous and ready to help as any of the others."

"Good! Good!" with his satisfied chuckle.

"But as to what people 'say,' I've long ago given it up as hopeless."

Of the circle of those who worked with him most closely he often spoke to me, as occasion offered, and always gave them full credit for their large share in the success of the work.

About the first Chief Warden, the late Mrs. Evered Poole, he wrote a full sheet, in response to some remarks of mine, winding up with :

"I might go to work for years and not find such another as she is."

On one occasion I was admiring the work of my editorial colleague when the Doctor chimed in :

"Clever! I should think he is clever. I'm lucky to have such a brain at my beck and call!"

Entirely misunderstanding a remark of mine, and considering it a reflection on the probity of the general secretary, he flung at me an indignant :

"He's true to the backbone. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—that's what you'll always get from Odling!"

And referring to a man who had just left the Board Room, and who had the happy knack of reassuring him when his deafness put him on tenter-hooks, he remarked :

"A treasure he is—as reliable as they make them, and," with a half-unconscious sigh, "*so quiet.*"

The last-named attribute was certainly not

amongst the Doctor's many virtues, and greatly as I loved and admired him, I have often known what it was to wish him a trifle less of a whirlwind.

During my last summer at Stepney, the Director, speaking about the work of the valued heads of one of the most important of the branch Homes, interrupted himself to ask :

" Do you know their daughter ? "

" Yes, a little. She strikes me as particularly promising. I shouldn't at all mind having her in my office ! "

" I dare say you wouldn't, and really I should like to let you train her ; but she's better at home, and besides," with one of his mischievous looks, " I don't know that I could spare her ; for," mysteriously, " I'm beginning to give her quite confidential work of my own."

" She's rather young for that, isn't she ? "

" Surely—as far as *anno Domini* goes ; but she's worth half a dozen ordinary people twice her age. She's going to be fine, I tell you."

A forecast that was on its way to being amply justified, when the young lady in question took it into her head to forsake the path of single blessedness.

This little proclivity the Doctor admitted to be a flaw in the diamond of woman's work, to which he had become a devotee.

" I wouldn't have a male clerk in the place if I could help it ! " he exclaimed one day

apropos of the idiotic blunders of a shorthand transcriber.

"Well," I replied, "my girl junior started a circular letter this morning about the 'origins of the press.'"

"You don't mean it! But then, she's an exceptionally careless little thing, isn't she? As a rule, women are more painstaking and *naturally* more interested in their work than men." Then, with a bow, "Present company always excepted!"

All this meant that the Doctor was very sensitive to failure on the part of those of whom he thought so much, and I never saw him so distressed as at the disappointing behaviour of two or three junior members of the staff. Over one at least of these cases he spent far more time and trouble than he could afford, and apparently without result. In this particular instance I—of all people!—was chosen as confidante, and my indignation knew no bounds when I heard the object of so much kindness throw out hints of a really dreadful nature as to the Doctor's character and conduct.

For a long time I was under the impression that he was ignorant of these slanders, and then, to my utter surprise, I found he knew all about them.

"But surely you do not mean that such calumnies should be allowed to run their course, unchecked?" I enquired in amazement.

"Certainly not, as a rule. Why, you re-

member that long letter I got you to draft to the journal that had been running down the League. But in this case I can make more allowance, on medical grounds, than you can, and I know that the only person to be really pitied is the unhappy perpetrator of the mischief."

I ought, perhaps, to say here, that though the Doctor did so often make reference to various workers, as such, he never, by so much as a hint of anything amiss, referred to the domestic trials or personal difficulties of anyone connected with the Homes. Indeed, the only instance I can recollect when he recognised my being behind the scenes, was in the last-named case, when he counselled: "Tell her all, as you say she already knows so much." Even so, he never referred to the matter, to me, although he was obliged to discuss an entire change of plan, caused by circumstances of which he was not quite sure that I had been told.

Something I did see, and much more I heard, of his phenomenal patience with troublesome subjects, whether members of the staff, inmates of the Homes, or the "Wards," who were, from time to time, thrown upon his hands. And if he was satisfied that any particular worker was capable, and yet not in the right niche, I have known him try repeated changes, until the round peg has been firmly established in the round hole — when his triumph may be imagined.

It certainly was not easy to leave him, and his work, and his workers, when once under their spell, and nothing, I am sure, but downright compulsion would have induced me to do it. On the first occasion when my going became imperative, I happened to say to the general secretary that I should have to leave—indeed, I was on my way to the Board Room, to tell the Doctor so—but was met with a smile of amusement :

" Excuse me, but you'll see, you won't. I've known many people go up to him with that idea, and come down more firmly established here than ever ! "

And his surprise was proportionately great when he found that circumstances had, for once, been too much for even the Chief's ingenuity.

XI

Long before this I had found out the truth of my first friend's prophecy—"You will be trusted." He did, absolutely, as far as my special work was concerned, though he never failed to put me right on matters of outside opinion, a province in which he seemed to think I was decidedly inclined to go astray.

But before he had quite satisfied himself as to my trustworthiness, he had his qualms, I think. One day, when it had been necessary to take me very much into his confidence, in saying good-bye at the door of the Board Room, he remarked :

"Now be sure you keep a still tongue in your head!"

An unusual inflexion in his voice suggested more than met the ear, and put me on the defensive.

"Do you think I don't keep a still tongue, as a rule?" I enquired.

"Well," hesitatingly, "you know you do speak of things."

"No," I replied, "I really do not know any such thing. Do you mind telling me just what you mean?"

We came back to the table and he began :

"Haven't you been telling people that you are going to do that new bit of work we've been discussing, instead of the one who ought to do it?"

"Most certainly not. But what I have done, of set purpose, was to tell everyone I could, that I shall be taking it up, only because of the increase of work. And I've done this so that it should come as a natural thing, and not cast any sort of slur on the newcomer."

He asked several questions in his own searching style, and then came to this conclusion:

"I see your point of view and I quite agree. But," apologetically, "it is so all-important, in a big work like this, to avoid anything like gossip, that when I heard you had been 'talking' I quaked. Now, my friend," detecting, I suppose, a shadow on my face, "don't go and be offended. I don't pretend to be infallible, but I must speak when I think I see things going wrong."

I had to laugh as I exclaimed:

"Why, the only thing that troubles me is, that you did *not* speak before."

"All right. I'll tell you another time—if there is another one."

"Is that a promise?"

"Yes, it is," he answered, shaking hands, with one of his most beaming smiles.

And there is one afternoon that lives in my memory as an example of his confidence in

my statements, even if unwelcome. It happened that he was exasperated almost beyond bearing, by League troubles—this was in the days when the unwieldy ship, The Young Helpers' League, was apt to give alarming lurches. On this particular occasion some of the new voluntary officers had, to use the Doctor's own expression, been "kicking up their heels" over some of the latest rules and regulations. Two of the Wardens, also newly appointed, seized by a not unnatural panic, had written rather helplessly for instructions. Unfortunately, both these letters were couched in just the sort of terms to rouse the ire of the Chief.

"Write and tell them," he almost screamed; and then followed a really fierce manifesto of high-handedness.

I accepted instructions, as in duty bound, but no doubt my face betrayed me, for he broke off suddenly, to enquire in the tone of a long-suffering martyr:

"And what might be the matter with *you?*"

"I'm only afraid this will seem like a direct contradiction of the edict you issued last week."

"Well, it isn't then. What is it you think I said?"

I gave the gist of the last set of "Regulations," and his comments thereon.

I really believe that for one moment he would have liked to throw me out of the window. Instead, he treated me to satirical

comments on the "cocksureness" of some people.

But this was a trifle too much for my rising temper.

"If you will kindly send for my letter-book," I remarked icily, "you will find the paper, with your signature."

He gave a quick glance of surprise, then with a deprecating pat on the arm:

"Now, don't go and be as cross as I am."

A long pause followed, and then, in a very different tone:

"You really are quite sure that was what I said?"

"Absolutely sure."

"Very well—so be it. You ought to know better than I. Your whole attention is given to Y.H.L., and it's only one out of a heap of other interests to me."

I was not surprised to be dismissed with extra friendliness, but before I left the room he asked what sounded like an utterly irrelevant question:

"Do any of your men at home suffer from suppressed gout?"

"No," I replied, "not as far as I know."

"Then be thankful, for them and for yourself!"

The clue to this curious interlude was given me by the medical man who occupied the office next to mine. He had business with me the following day—business on which the final decision rested with the Director.

"Then we shall have to wait," was the comment of Dr. No. II.

"Why, is Dr. Barnardo away?"

"Yes; he's had to give in at last, and it will certainly be days, if not weeks, before he is down again." Then he went on, in a tone of deepest sympathy:

"What beats me is, how he fights against the physical as he does. All this week and last he has been suffering from three distinct ailments, any one of which would have driven me half crazy. And as to his being irritable, all I can say is, I" (one of the sweetest-tempered of men) "shouldn't be able to control myself one quarter as well as he does."

That he only did it by his habitual reliance on Divine help, there could be no doubt. On the occasion, just described, for instance, during the long pause mentioned, I saw his lips move, and the cloud lift, before he resumed the conversation, in his ordinary tones.

And this recalls a memorable afternoon, when, with closed eyes and moving lips, he silently threw himself upon the Strong for strength. It happened at the time of the notorious Gossage case, when it seemed as though our Chief might be called upon to go to "prison and to judgment."

I was with him when the telegram arrived, telling of the final decision. He read it through, and his face became very pale.

"Bad news—almost the worst that could be!" he exclaimed.

Then came the brief interval for silent prayer, and as he opened his eyes, he responded to my anxiety with a smile I can only call " heavenly."

" Don't be afraid, my friend. If I have to go to prison, it will only be because my God allows it, and He knows so well how to make all things work together for good." Then, after a thoughtful pause, " And yet, I hardly think it can be His will, just at this time, when my children seem to so specially need me. He can make a way out, and He will—I think."

His faith was fully justified, and undoubtedly much good did ultimately come out of what, at the time, seemed lamentable ill.

XII

Before a successor was formally appointed, it became evident that my department had become too unwieldy for a new-comer to manage in its entirety, and I was only too willing to fall in with the Doctor's suggestion that I should continue to prepare the magazine, doing the work at home, with only such occasional visits to headquarters as might be absolutely needful. (A fine opportunity for the general secretary to crow over me!) This arrangement worked admirably under my successor and her successors, and I found "needful" visits few and far between. The only drawback to this was the drifting away from personal intercourse with the Chief—not to mention the staff—and when my mother was at length released, in the following January, I hesitated to trouble Dr. Barnardo with my sad tidings. I need not have imagined, though, that they would escape his notice, and the day before the funeral I received from him the following expression of sympathy:—

"My dear Friend,

"I only heard yesterday of your great loss, and while my heart was full of sympathy with you, I could not help adding also, for

your sake, Thank God! as I know how great the strain of mind and body must have been to you while watching your beloved mother with no hope of her ever becoming better, and yet day by day the ceaseless and sorrowful burden of seeing one whom you loved suffer as she did. I assure you I thank God on your behalf and hers. I trust He may console you as He alone can do, and that after a season of quiet and rest you may recover your physical health and strength. Be assured of my sympathy and of my continued interest in all that concerns you; and do let me hear, if only by a single line, how you are.

"I am, my dear friend,

"Yours most sincerely and heartily."

In acknowledging this letter, I referred briefly to some of the details that had made the recent experience so peculiarly trying, and in a few days came a second letter, to this effect:—

"Again I feel impelled to write and say, 'Be assured of my sympathy.' Yours has indeed been a dark and devious path; but I know by experience that God *always* brings a special blessing to us out of such trial; and I do not doubt that it will be so with you, if only it be, 'A heart at leisure from itself— To soothe and sympathize.'

"I hope you will not allow yourself to fancy that you are separated in thought and work from

"Yours very faithfully in Christ's service."

I could only ask myself, " Is there any other Head of an immense work, who would write *two* letters of condolence to a former member of his staff ? " I can hardly think it. And on the side of human interest, I believe he was almost, if not quite, unique.

Some weeks later, I happened to meet one of the Stepney workers whom I knew but slightly. We were going in the same direction, and presently he made some allusion to my mourning garb. I told him what had happened and he exclaimed immediately :

" Then you know what Dr. Barnardo is, in time of trouble."

I remembered then that I had heard of lengthy illness, involving other troubles in my companion's home, and I was quite ready to echo his emphatic :

" There's nobody like *him !* "

Late in the summer of the same year I met Dr. Barnardo at an important gathering in the North, where he was advertised to speak both afternoon and evening. After the first meeting, he beckoned me into a quiet corner and sat down, looking absolutely exhausted. Again he took refuge in the tea stimulant, daring me to " shake that wise head of yours ! "

And then he unfolded a delightful little plan by which I was to be one of his " right hands," undertaking certain definite duties, and being ready to give help in other ways, as need might arise.

" It's a responsible post," he concluded,

" and though I can't attempt to pay you at the real worth of the work, I will be really grateful if you will accept "—naming a salary with which I should have been entirely content.

The offer was a tempting one, and I should have accepted it on the spot but that my home was now without a woman's guiding hand, and that, moreover, there was a possibility of our moving even further from Stepney, so I begged time for consideration.

" I don't mind how much time you take—in moderation—provided you come to me in the end. But please remember this, that your coming would distinctly relieve me of *one* burden. And," speaking very seriously, " I'll tell you, as you understand medical matters, I do not like my own symptoms."

But I don't think even he had any idea how near he was to the terrible breakdown, from which, in some ways, he never really recovered. Yet who that heard him that evening could have imagined the shadow on his path! His energy, his delightful store of anecdote, and the way in which he carried his audience with him, I never heard surpassed. He was not perhaps a good speaker, in the ordinary sense of the word, especially as his voice became less and less under his own control, but he had the supreme gift of winning, and holding, sympathetic interest. Personally, I never heard him talk of his boys and girls without a quickened desire to help in their rescue.

One day, after he had addressed a large gathering in the garden of one of his Homes for Incurables, I touched his elbow as he passed out, saying :

" I want to be a Deputation Secretary."

" Oh, you do ! " Then, to himself, fancying it to be inaudible, " She wants to be a Deputation. No, no." To me, " No, thank you. I can get deputations, but literary helpers don't grow on gooseberry bushes ! "

He had taken it as a sort of joke, hitherto, but seeing I was really in earnest, it was just like him to alter his tone completely and to say, in all seriousness :

" Now, just be content to help where you're most needed, even if it isn't as taking as ' talking to children about children.' "

And off he went, with a look round at the door, to see if his sermonette had gone home.

Force of circumstances obliged me to decline Dr. Barnardo's tempting offer, and although he forbore to press further, I am afraid my " perversity " did not raise me in his estimation. However, I continued to do the magazine work at home, and for something like six years I was able to carry it on without once needing to trouble the " Director," as he was now called. Then there came a time when I was personally freer, and this coincided with a stage the magazine had reached which demanded an entire readjustment of plan.

So I found myself once more in the familiar

Board Room, and although Dr. Barnardo began by announcing :

" I'm all right, and shall be, if I can only keep to doing the work of *one* man instead of three," I found him almost as full of plans and suggestions and engagements as ever. He was still anxious, I quickly discovered, that I should work at headquarters, and take over a good many odds and ends of work, chiefly literary, in addition to the bulk of sub-editing. It took only a few minutes to arrange details and I left, actually engaged, barring the one stipulation, that I should be able to find a bedroom near by, for two nights in the week. In a neighbourhood like Stepney this is hardly the trifle it sounds, and it meant a good bit of hunting round before I unearthed a respectable landlady, whose ideas of comfort and cleanliness approximated to my own.

But in announcing to the Director my success, I inadvertently maligned a class for which he had great respect, and in the course of one of his long letters, I received this delicate rap on the knuckles :

" I am glad you have got lodgings, although perhaps not of the nicest. Our poor East End is not very rich in good rooms, but I lived during five years of my student life in little back streets. Of course, young men can rough it and don't need the same degree of refinement that a lady does, but I found, without exception, my several landladies most kind and sympathetic, and when, as

happened twice, I was taken ill in my lodgings, once with small-pox, another time with diphtheria . . . I received such constant care and attention from my landladies that I could not have been better looked after in my own home. As to cleanliness, the fault lies largely in the atmosphere. We know in the Homes how difficult it is to keep our appointments clean, and how the smuts and blacks come down and disfigure everything; but apart from that, I am sure the landladies are, as a rule, as keen on keeping their little homes sweet and nice as they could be at the West End of London."

And certainly my own experience was on the same lines, both my landladies proving veritable treasures—a fact duly notified to Dr. Barnardo, to his great satisfaction.

XIII

My second induction to work at Stepney was carried through by the Director himself.

"Don't come till afternoon," were his significant instructions, "and come straight to the Board Room at 2.0 sharp."

This, I discovered to be, in order that, with a flourish of trumpets, he might introduce me to my new quarters. Certainly, the Editorial Room was worth making a fuss over. Large, lofty, and well-lighted, the walls adorned with cupboards and shelves, ample for the accommodation of the wherewithal for editing three magazines, a proper writing-table—which I had sadly missed in the old days—and a typewriter after my own heart!

I might indeed feel I had reached Elysium, whilst the hearty greetings of Chief and staff made the return a very happy experience. And the Director was so pleased with my pleasure, and so anxious that I should be thoroughly comfortable, that he made a number of excuses the first few days to have a look round at the new premises. His private room adjoined the Editorial Room, and the Board Room was only just across the corridor, so that it was easier for him to get at me, in

odd minutes, than when I was in another building and on a different floor.

I appreciated the difference greatly, when my second office had to be treated for some defect in the heating arrangements, and I was relegated to an immense room downstairs for two or three weeks. It was so very large—originally intended for a library, I believe—that the coke stove only did service for a decidedly limited area, and we all learnt by personal experience the meaning of numbed fingers and chattering teeth.

On a keen day in early winter, when I was still in this uncomfortable barn, I had been having an unusually long string of instructions given me by the Director, when his secretary felt obliged to warn him that a most important appointment would be due in five minutes.

"Oh dear, and I haven't half finished with you! Now do be a saint and wait till the good man's gone." "Yes," answering his secretary's suggestion of other interviews to follow, "I know there are other things. But," to me, "you'll wait half an hour for me, won't you?"

I could not refuse, but when I got downstairs I found the clerks, thinking I had left, had also taken their departure, having been half suffocated with the fumes of that wretched stove.

There was nothing for it but to don my outdoor things and wait. At the end of each half-hour I despatched a messenger up to the

Board Room, who returned with the monotonous message, "The Director still engaged."

But when one half-hour had stretched to five, I sent up a personal note to the Director, headed "The Ice Well," asking whether he wished me to wait till I was actually frozen.

Down came an immediate reply, headed "The Stoke Hole."

"Of course not, and there's no knowing when you'll get a chance of thawing up here. GO!"

In the interval between my sojournings at Stepney, many changes had taken place in the structural arrangements of the Boys' Home, the most important being the adaptation of two or three large schoolrooms into a church, under the care of a permanent chaplain. This church was almost opposite the Editorial Room, and amongst its many activities was a monthly staff prayer-meeting. Attendance at this was of course purely voluntary, and I thought myself unfortunate in that my work happened so frequently to be specially pressing on that particular day. For here, indeed, our Chief was at his very best. Not only was he himself, full of spiritual life and vigour, but without apparent effort he had the happy knack of bringing out the best in all who took part. His reading of Scripture I never heard excelled. Often, as he read, the words seemed to be clothed with fresh meaning, and curiously enough, though he had so greatly lost control over his voice,

in an ordinary way, when it came to the Book he so dearly loved, he seemed to have retained full power of expression, giving the right inflexion, without difficulty or hesitation. At least this was so at the time of my return—later on I noticed that when tired or suffering, he unconsciously dropped his voice occasionally, not always in the right place.

Two of the themes by which I remember him best were the illimitable power of prayer, and the privilege of active service. On one occasion I recollect he spoke of the many-sided aspects of prayer; as a bringing of our will into harmony with God's; as a reminder of our dependence on Him; as an act of obedience; and as an opportunity for direct thanksgiving.

"All true, my friends!" he exclaimed, "all true, and truer perhaps than we can understand. But," and here his face lighted up with the joy of knowledge, "oh, so much more than this. Have we not, all of us here, known the joy of that voiceless answer, that is so unspeakably sweet to the children of His love? Explain it to Reason? Ah, that I can't. But do you know, the longer I live, the more I find that is not explainable to reason—indeed, I sometimes wonder whether there is anything worth the knowing, that can be made really clear to our limited understanding. All the same, even if there were no direct revelation on the subject, I should *know*, from my own experience, that in some

way, utterly beyond my feeble comprehension, my prayer does reach the ear and touch the heart of my Heavenly Father."

And as he went on talking I believe every one of us felt lifted above the commonplace of things temporal to the shrine of close communion with things eternal. Certainly, as we dispersed, we said to one another, "What a privilege to work and to pray!"

Another time, it happened that there had been a great many difficulties amongst the children in several of the Homes. In the midst of a talk on the familiar exhortation, "Feed My lambs," the Director paused and then said, with a note of half-apology in his voice:

"Ah, it's all very well for me, you may be saying, considering I have only the general oversight and the income to care for. But you do not need to tell me, you Cottage mothers, that it is *you* who are doing the actual work—you who have to put up with cross words and wilful ways, and bad tempers and disobedience, and apparent lack of success after all your efforts. I know; I understand; I could never half express what I think of all your work and patience, and yours will be the happy reward in the day of 'Inasmuch.'"

Simple, indeed, it looks in written words, but the large heart behind the words gave them such glow and warmth, that I was not at all surprised to see more than a few pocket-handkerchiefs come into requisition.

The last time I heard him take a prayer-meeting (not his last, but mine) he was full of joyful thanksgiving. It was just at the end of a financial year, and he was able to report an unprecedented income. "Oh, magnify the Lord with me," was the burden of his song.

"Almost all I want!" he exclaimed, when nearing the end of the story. "I only need another £5000" (or some such sum) "and I should be perfectly satisfied."

Fancy our dear Director "satisfied," with such wide ground still untouched. An involuntary smile showed itself on all faces.

"Why, what is it? What have I said that's funny? I only want——"

But the idea, thus repeated, was too droll, and the smile grew into a ripple of laughter. Then, seeing that the Chief was looking really mystified, one of his oldest and most trusted helpers stepped to his side, and speaking as the mouthpiece of all, exclaimed:

"We love you, and we rejoice with you, but we can't, by any stretch of imagination, picture you as 'satisfied' till there is ample provision for every single child of need."

The meeting that followed is a delightful memory, and happily none of us suspected how soon our Head would be laid aside again by one of the serious "attacks" which, during the last few years of his life, seemed to be always lying in wait for him.

XIV

THREE years of happy work in the Editorial Room, and then came, for me, a fresh uprooting. My father, who had also become liable to "attacks," was taken suddenly and alarmingly worse, and the fresh doctor called in, told us, unhesitatingly, to prepare for the worst. He also feared a very terrible phase of suffering, and warned me that I ought not to be out of the house for even a few hours. It was again an unspeakable comfort to have to deal with a Chief whose medical knowledge enabled him to grasp the situation at a glance. His reply came almost by return of post:

"I received, with very great sympathy, your letter on the subject of your father's ill-health. I am indeed sorry for him and you, and trust that in spite of the serious complications of which you write, you may yet be able to send me a better report of him. In the meanwhile you must not leave him, and I shall be quite satisfied if you will do what you have to do for us, at home."

Again came a period of watching, prolonged beyond all expectation, and again the kindest sympathy and readiest help from the

Director and his staff. The end came when Dr. Barnardo was in the thick of one of his heaviest spells of work, at a Church Conference, when every minute was precious, and I timed my letter, telling of our loss, to reach him on his return home. But again, as before, he heard of it from another source, and summoning his private secretary he dictated the following wire, which was handed to me just as we returned from the funeral :

" Have just heard of your great loss. Accept sincere sympathy. God comfort you.
" Barnardo."

And two days later came this further expression of sympathy :

" I heard in Bristol yesterday of your great loss and find your letter awaiting me here on my return. I sent you a very hasty telegram from Bristol, but must add a few personal words of sympathy. It is indeed a blessed thing for us when we can contemplate the death of those we love as a fresh proof of God's goodness to them, and you . . . may well be thankful that the anxious, painful, and depressing experience through which he was called to pass at the close of his life is at an end. . . . And yet I suppose there are no relationships in life the loss of which is so irretrievable as those of our parents. Happy are we when they continue with us right up to middle life and we ourselves are able to

minister to the comfort and peace of their declining years. But when the summons comes, although we may have expected it, and in some ways, even wished for it, the blank left in our lives is very great and can be filled by no one else. How keenly do I recollect, in this connection, the loss of my own dear mother, who fell on sleep just a year and a half ago, at the ripe old age of eighty-three."

Then came the question of our meeting. Such a list of engagements ! And as the only possibility of a speedy interview, he actually suggested coming up half an hour earlier than usual, for the purpose of considering my private affairs ! And the wind-up of his letter ran thus :

" Now I can only afresh offer you the assurance of my sincere personal sympathy and earnest desire for you that you may be kept and guided amid the changes which must take place in your life, owing to your father's death, and in the difficulties with which you may have to contend."

When we met, he was, of course, kindness itself, and it was agreed between us that for a time, at any rate, no radical alterations need be made ; and I am sure it gave him genuine pleasure when I let him see that I could never feel homeless, whatever happened, so long as there remained the Editorial Room and the Board Room !

Owing to the painful experiences of the summer I had not been able to go away for a holiday, and work being now in full swing it was arranged that I should take what odds and ends of time I could, between the issues of the magazines. I did this twice, and on the second occasion, just as I was returning, a long-suffering heart declined to be further ignored. I consulted a doctor, who, it turned out, had been a practical sympathizer with the work of the Homes for several years, and of whose reputation Dr. Barnardo happened to know. Acting on his advice, I laid the matter —in technical terms—before the Director, who lost no time in replying thus :

" Your letter of the 17th reached me yesterday morning and had it been possible I would have replied by return, but the whole day was so full that I could not get a moment's time in which to write to you. . . . One thing is clear—your health is your most precious asset. You must give absolute obedience to the orders of your medical man, and I know sufficiently well what Mr. Shann's reputation is, to be assured that, if he feels it is necessary you should take prolonged rest, the matter must be serious enough to demand your immediate and entire acquiescence with his directions. . . . I will try to-day to get a few words with Smith and see if he cannot relieve you of the magazines and of writing and of everything else for a while. . . . As to

your giving up your salary, that is all fudge and nonsense. When anybody in our Mission breaks down through ill-health, we are not in the habit of acting shabbily with them, and readily grant the necessary leave of absence. . . . I quite feel with Mr. Shann that you ought to have a rest of such sort that no shadow of responsibility should come across your nervous system, to stimulate or burden it in any way, and that you ought to be able to turn with a fresh mind, simply to a dawdling life for a while, in the hope that it may give you back the precious gift of health. So now you have nothing more to do but to try and get well. Send back at Smith's head every letter he sends you and every paper and proof" (a little package, weighing 2 lbs., had come down by the previous post!), "and I will give orders that nothing shall go to you till your medical attendant says my patient is a patient no longer.

"Wishing you a full return of health, happiness, quietness of mind, and bright alertness of outlook,

"Believe me to be,

"Most truly and sincerely yours."

Long-suffering Mr. Smith followed out the instructions of his Chief, in spirit as well as in letter, and it was certainly not from him that I knew what a burden of anxiety and worry he had to bear on my behalf—not to speak of the downright hard work, which came, of

course, at the heaviest time of the Stepney year. Had I had any idea how matters really stood, I fancy that not even the Director could have persuaded me to the "dawdling" life. As it was, I found laziness—for a time—less unendurable than I could have thought possible, and I soon began to feel the benefit of taking good advice.

All the same, to be ill and alone in lodgings at Christmas time, is an experience that leaves a good deal to be desired, and I shall never forget the pleasure with which I received this reminder from the Chief:

"My dear Friend,

"I am wondering how you are. How have you progressed, and are you taking the *real rest* which your condition demands? I hope so, and I hope you will have a good report to send me when you write. Meanwhile I cannot let the occasion of Christmas pass by without writing you a few lines, if only to assure you of my appreciation of your . . . service, and of my sincere hope that you may soon be raised up to continue that work with restored powers.

"Will you accept, as a little token of remembrance, that which I send you under another cover? I hope it may reach you safely and may sometimes remind you of all the varied interests that centre round Stepney Causeway."

"That" was a photo of himself—taken for

his friends, and for private circulation only—which, in its silver frame, has been my companion in all subsequent wanderings. It represents him in his holiday bowler hat, which partly accounts for the fact that strangers almost invariably exclaim, "That Dr. Barnardo! Why, I had no idea he was such a young man!" To me, it is the Director himself, just ready with an amused retort, and I think he knew that he could not have chosen any present I should have valued quite so much, though I little thought, at the time of receiving it, that only once more should I look upon the face of its original.

XV

For a time I continued to make rapid progress and was contemplating a return to work, when fresh trouble, involving heavy physical strain, brought about a renewal, in aggravated form, of the heart trouble, and specialist opinion was so strongly in favour of entire and lengthened cessation from activity, that there seemed nothing for it but permanently to sever my connection with the Homes.

In the meanwhile, editorial matters had not been going too smoothly—in particular, certain clerical carelessness in a department touching mine, was put down to my credit, and when I heard that the head was seeing the Director—now in the grip of one of his attacks—with a view to "discussing matters thoroughly," I was not unprepared for the following letter:

"I am glad to send you a little personal note of acknowledgment and thanks for your kind letter which reached me last week. I am happily going on fairly well, and although the condition of the heart is not perhaps better, and won't be until I get special treatment, yet the enforced rest and quiet are doing

good to the general system. I hope you too are making satisfactory progress. I often think of you, especially now that I seem to be in like case, for you know the old adage, 'Companions in distress make misery the less.' I am not sure that that is so. but I am sure that it creates a very real sympathy, one with the other.

"With regard to the Magazine and your work on it. I think, dear friend, I must ask you to at once cease attempting to do any work upon it till you are able to return in full swing to the office. . . . I am sure you will feel this course necessary not only for your own sake, but for the sake of the Magazine. I do not think you will regard the last issue as a very satisfactory production. But of course you laboured under the greatest difficulties, and my wonder is that you were able to do what you did. But now please give it up right away. . . . Wait until your own strength is thoroughly renewed and you feel able to come back to us. Then everything will gravitate around you once more."

I imagine that only those who knew his high standard of excellence, and how he abhorred sending out work that came short of it, could appreciate the immense self-restraint of such a letter, addressed to, as he believed, the author of the mischief. Had he been well, and I in my usual health, it would have been quite easy to explain the

misrepresentation—made, doubtless, in all good faith, and due only to lack of comprehension. As it was, I could but accept his dictum and ask to be released, altogether and immediately. Indeed, by the same post that brought the Director's letter, I heard incidentally of a promising successor. I therefore felt that the greatest hindrance to leaving had been removed, and it was satisfactory to find, as time went on, that the promise was fully realized, and the work admirably maintained.

So, I wrote as careful and guarded a letter as I could compass, flattering myself that there was nothing in it to add even the proverbial straw to the over-heavy burden. But I was not allowing for the Director's abnormal quickness of perception, and he promptly dictated this volume, surely without parallel from a man in his state of physical prostration. It ran thus :

"Aren't women very funny to deal with? *I* don't understand them. In the folly of my conceited boyhood when I was about twenty years of age, I thought I knew all about them, but as I grow older I find I know *less than nothing.* Truly they are 'wonderful human bein's,' as I think the late Artemus Ward used to say.

"What have I done? First, I have given you three months', or four, I forget which, complete holiday, or rather leave of absence,

owing to your state of health, that you might recoup and recover yourself. In answer to your own request to resign I pooh-poohed the matter, and said, 'No; give yourself a chance; we will still keep you on the staff, and then when the time comes, if you find you cannot go on, you will tell me so plainly.' So far so good. I am at least only a 'mere man,' and being such a stupid, common-sense kind of creature, destitute of that finer and more subtle thought that distinguishes blessed womanhood, I have, or had, no *arrière pensée;* I spoke out what I thought, and having done so believed that was the end of the matter. Accordingly, when I heard that all the letters were being sent down to you and that you were being bothered in your illness by demands for copy, and when I saw how different the Magazine looked when it was done away from your careful eye, I said to myself, 'This won't do; let her have her complete rest and change, let no more letters or papers go to her, let the dear soul, while she is having her rest, have it, and I will write and tell her so'—which I did.

"Now, what follows? One of those curious, enigmatical letters which 'no fellow can understand.' Of course, very kind and very nice, but meaning so *much more* than appears on the surface, and I am not clever enough to read between the lines, only I cannot help, as I put the letter to my deaf ear, catching the note which vibrates of a *hurt* feeling."

(I have just looked through the rough note I made of my own letter, and cannot imagine how in the world he heard it !)

" If you turn back to my letter, you will see that my proposal was strictly of a temporary character, only while you were away, until you could come back to us. So now please forgive me. . . . Just use your common sense, if you have any. I don't believe ladies ever do have common sense ; they have so many other senses that *we* don't possess that they think common sense is not worth having. But I say, try and exercise any you do possess and write me a nice letter. Perhaps you don't know what would be my standard for a nice letter : well, I will give you just a few hints. It might begin : ' Dear Chief,' and then go on, ' I quite agree with you that while I am away it is better that I should not meddle with the papers from the office and the printers and the bother of making up and all that. I cheerfully surrender to your hands my work until I am able to come back, and then I will take it up with delight and show you that I am going to make up for lost time. . . . I know right well all my work on the Magazine was the spice of my life and kept me going. I would get into the dumps hopelessly but for it, and I am looking forward keenly to resuming it and other literary tasks which you may wish to place upon my shoulders. Wild horses would not draw me away from the Y.H.L. ! '

"Now that is what I call a nice letter, instead of—pray forgive me—all the rubbish about a 'homeless waif'" (a favourite description of himself when house-hunting!). "Fancy anyone being a homeless waif who comes down to Stepney Causeway and takes her tea every afternoon! Fie upon you. Now write me a nice letter at once."

My reply repudiated the idea of being "hurt" by any suggestion of his, and I went out of the work, without formal farewell, on the understanding that I offered myself for re-engagement when health allowed.

XVI

A FEW weeks later saw Dr. Barnardo again at Nauheim, where he had previously derived great benefit from special treatment. Here he heard that I, too, had been ordered abroad, and he showed the liveliest satisfaction when told that I had decided to try a course in Germany. Naturally, my choice followed that of my Chief, and before I came I was instructed to "Go under Dr. S." (one of the two "big guns" of the place). "I am under Dr. G.," he went on, "so we can compare notes and see if they differ."

Of course I carried out his wishes, but the comparing did not take place till we met in England, for by what seemed almost a fatality, we never met abroad, in spite of a lively game of Box and Cox. But through his secretary he had daily reports of my progress.

"Is she feeling very low?" he enquired, when I had been under treatment about a week.

"I fancy she is," was the reply.

"Tell her she mustn't mind that. I was frightfully depressed the first time, and so are most people. She'll probably be worse before she's better, but it'll only be a matter

of three or four weeks, and she must just be brave and patient."

If it had not been for this reassurance, frequently repeated, I hardly think my courage would have held out, especially when I found that Dr. S. was beginning to look upon me as one of his few failures.

About this time Dr. Barnardo went away for a week, only returning—with an atrocious cold—for a few final baths, and was just in time to be gratified with the report of "a turn for the better," on my part. He, too, went home better, though the chill he had taken on his visit to Frankfort, and his imprudence in conducting a meeting at Nauheim—almost in defiance of medical authority—were anything but helpful factors.

I returned some weeks later, "a cure—for the time," and in accordance with previous arrangements, I let the Director know when I was returning to London and should be ready for his promised advice. He replied:

"I was very pleased to hear of and from you, but wish you had given me more particulars." (Reserved, out of pity!) "I suppose it must now be five or six weeks since you left Nauheim, and if the cure is to do you good, it ought by this time to have had that result. I hope your own medical man will see you as soon as you come to London. . . . I would be very interested if you would let me see or hear what his report may be.

"You may be quite sure I will be only too

pleased to have an interview with you and to give you any advice that lies in my power. You are right to rely upon me, and I hope it may not be in vain.

"Thank you very much for your kind enquiries about my health. I am now pretty vigorous, as much so as I shall ever be, and yet I do not think that Nauheim this year had anything like as powerful an effect upon me as it had upon the occasion of my first visit; but then I say to myself, there is cause for that; first, the heart is three years older, and that is something; second, I had no holiday last year at all; it was a continuous strain the whole of 1903, except three or four days at Folkestone, and I have no doubt that told heavily upon me when the winter came."

If only the dear, good man, would have been half as particular with himself as he was with his staff, in the matter of holidays!

I presented myself at Stepney, in accordance with his instructions to "be down in time to have lunch before I come"; and his arrival was heralded by loud enquiries as to whether I was there, very much in the tone of a father seeking a long-lost child!

"Well, you are a picture of health!" he exclaimed gleefully. Then after a long look —*into* the heart, it seemed, "I'm not so sure about you though! What does Dr. S. say?"

I told him that a second visit and "laziness"

between, were pronounced needful for permanent cure.

"Can you manage it—financially?" he asked quickly.

"With an effort, yes. But I don't want to waste all that time, and really I do feel strong enough for work."

"Feeling's nothing. Now, mind you go. A second visit within the year, is *the* thing."

Here followed a medical disquisition which showed how entirely he had made himself master of the details of the treatment, and of its effects. And then he spoke of himself and professed the strongest wish to return to Nauheim when I did—the treatment season beginning in late spring.

"Then why not do it?"

"Simply because I dare not leave my work again so soon. I know I'm taking my life in my hands, but I believe it is the right thing—unless, indeed, the way should be made so clear that I feel sure, later on, that it is my bounden duty to go. Now with you it's different. You have no home ties at present—you are free to do as you like, and remember, humanly speaking, your whole future depends on your being sensible now."

In view of such cogent arguments I could but consent to being "sensible for once," although it meant not being able to offer myself for re-engagement for so many months—happily, it did not enter my head then, that it would involve never again returning

to my beloved work. But the advice was so sound that it did actually lead to my taking on a new lease of health and strength.

He was just leaving the room, after a long confabulation, when I remarked :

" I suppose the little grandson is quite a new thing in babies ? "

" Of course he is—the very finest specimen ever invented. I've a great mind to show you his photo."

" Why not ? Please, do."

And off he walked to the Board Room, returning with a charming picture of a sturdy little fellow, whose attitude—almost *off* his mother's knee—certainly did suggest something of his grandfather's activity. I thought, too, that I could trace a likeness in the expression of his face.

" I don't know," said the Head, though evidently pleased with the compliment. " I'm going to show you another," fetching the companion picture—both habitually occupied places of honour on his writing-table.

This, too, I could genuinely admire, and it was with a look of fond affection, as he studied the little face for the hundredth time, that Dr. Barnardo took his departure, my last sight of him, leaving an impression of supreme content—just the very memory he would have chosen to leave behind him.

I returned from Nauheim at the end of June, but it was not until September that I

was free to offer myself for re-engagement. Then it struck me that it might be more satisfactory to Dr. Barnardo if I were to get the doctor who had treated me at Lowestoft to give a written report of my condition. So I went down for a few days, and was met by the overwhelming tidings of the death of our dear Chief.

It so happened that meetings on behalf of the Homes had been arranged in the town, for the following week, and when I went into one of the Nonconformist churches on the Sunday morning, it was to find the well-known deputation, the Rev. W. J. Mayers (a personal friend of Dr. Barnardo's for thirty-five years), in the pulpit. His musical boys occupied the front pews. Many, if not all, of them knew the Doctor personally, and their emotion was evident as, in halting tones, the preacher read of the touching farewell between the apostle Paul and his friends, who were "sorrowing most of all that they should see his face no more."

To think of our beloved Leader as really gone from us, seemed impossible—indeed, even at this interval, his presence still lingers round the places he seemed to invest with something of his own intense personality.

It is a significant fact, too, that those of the staff who knew (and understood) him best, loved him most. One of his private staff, for instance, declares that, in talking with another, "We never can keep off the

subject. Wherever the conversation begins, it invariably veers round to Dr. Barnardo—an inexhaustible theme." And, in writing these reminiscences, I am greatly struck with the more than willingness of my former colleagues to render any help that might tend to create a living picture of our Director.

Thoroughly human, and so not free from limitations and shortcomings, Dr. Barnardo was yet so intensely in earnest, so untiring in his devotion to the great work to which he felt himself called of God, so full of deep affection, so quick in his sympathies, and a man of such absolute, childlike faith, that to have known him and to have worked with him, is a joyful memory to those who were privileged to help him—however humbly—in his fight against sin and sorrow and suffering.

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY

1845, July 4. Dr. Barnardo born in Dublin.

1862. Definitely dedicates himself to the service of God.

1866. Enters the London Hospital as a Medical Missionary student.
Meets his "First Arab."

1868. Starts a Home in two cottages in Hope Place, Stepney, in the name of East End Juvenile Mission.

1870. Opens the first of the Barnardo Homes, at 18 Stepney Causeway.

1872. Takes over the "Edinburgh Castle" public-house.

1873. Marries Miss Syrie Louise Elmslie.
Commences work amongst Girls with a small Home at Barkingside (nucleus of Girls' Village Homes).

1876. Takes his L.R.C.S. (Ed.) and registers as medical practitioner in London.

1877. Commences *Night and Day*, the official organ of the Homes.
Appointment of a Committee to deal with financial matters, under the presidency of the late Earl Cairns.

1879. Receives gift of Home for Little Boys in Jersey.

1881. Opens Youths' Labour House and Young Women's Hotel in Burdett Road.

1882. Despatches first organized party of Boys to Canada.

1883. Sends first party of Girls to Canada.

1884. Receives gift of house at Hawkhurst, afterwards known as Babies' Castle.
Pays his first visit of inspection to Canada.

1886. Opens Convalescent Home at Felixstowe.
Boarding-out adopted as a feature of the Homes.

1889. Opens Her Majesty's Hospital in Stepney Causeway.
Establishes an Industrial Home for elder Girls, at Hackney.

1891. Passing of the Custody of Children Bill, commonly called the " Barnardo " Bill.
Commences to organize the Young Helpers' League.

1892. Opens the first seven " Ever-open Doors " in the provinces.

1894. Receives the gift of a house at Birkdale as a Home for Little Incurables.

1895. Suffers from his first serious heart attack.

1898. Enjoys the first systematic celebration of his birthday—now known as " Founder's Day."
Opens a second Home for Incurables, at Bradford.

1899. Incorporation by Act of Parliament of the Homes.

1900. Receives as a gift the former Norfolk County School, now known as the Watts' Naval Training School.

1901. Has a second severe heart attack and goes to Nauheim twice for treatment.

1902. Opens a Home for Cripples (incurable) at Tunbridge Wells.

1904. Has another serious attack and returns to Nauheim for treatment.

1905. Has two severe attacks and goes to Nauheim too late for treatment.
Returns home and passes peacefully away on September 19.

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